

Calling All GIRLS

A BRAND NEW MAGAZINE FOR GIRLS AND SUB-DEBS
..WITH 32 PAGES OF GIRL COMICS..AND STORIES AND
OTHER FEATURES... 64 PAGES, ALL IN FULL COLOR

No.1
10¢

advisory editor
GLORIA JEAN

STORIES

MAYOR MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

BY CHARLES G. MULLER

BLAME THE WIND!

BY RUSSELL G. CARTER

COMICS

FEATURES

ELEPHANTS IN THE BACKYARD • 13 WAYS GIRLS
CAN HELP IN THE NATIONAL DEFENSE • GIRLS IN
SPORTS • GRACIOUS YOU • MOVIES YOU SHOULDN'T MISS
• FASHIONS FOR GIRLS • MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR LOOKS

THE QUEEN - GOD BLESS HER!
JUNGLE ADVENTURESS • YORKTOWN
YOUNGER SET • AIR HOSTESS NO. 1

Susan Says

WELL, girls, at last we have a magazine of comics and stories and things that is published just for us! I wonder why nobody ever thought of this before. Most of the comic magazines are filled largely with comics that boys like better than girls, but CALLING ALL GIRLS is going to have what we want and nothing else.

Look through this first issue and you will see what I mean. Thirty-two pages of fascinating comics . . . our kind of comics. And then there are thirty-two pages of stories and articles that tell many things of special interest and help to us girls.

The publisher of CALLING ALL GIRLS invited me to look over the advance proofs of this first issue before the magazine went to press. She asked me to tell her what I thought of it. I told her I thought it was absolutely "super." Am I right? Won't you write to Miss Margaret E. Jessup, who is in charge of publishing this magazine, and tell her what you think of it? Tell her what kind of stories and comics you like best, what subjects interest you especially. Tell her frankly if there are things about CALLING ALL GIRLS that you think could be improved. Your criticisms and suggestions will be most useful and really appreciated.

And here's another thing . . . don't you think we should all get together to boost our own magazine? We want all the girls we know to read it, too, don't we? All right, then, don't forget to tell your friends about it. Tell them to look for CALLING ALL GIRLS on the newsstands . . . the first magazine of its kind for girls and sub-debs.

CALLING ALL GIRLS

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THE QUEEN

**GOD
BLESS
HER!**



HER MAJESTY Queen Elizabeth of England. She is the wife of George VI, King of England, and her other titles are Lady of The Garter and of The Thistle; Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire; the Royal Victorian Chain; Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry; Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guard); Colonel-in-Chief of the Black Watch; Honorary Colonel of the 14th London Regiment (London Scottish); P.A.-D.C.; D.C.L., LL.D.



Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, who is now the Queen of England, was born into an ancient Scotch family on August 4, 1900. She was the youngest daughter in a family of ten. Her childhood was spent at Glamis (pronounced Glarms) Castle in Scotland.

Every well-bred woman knows how to paint, Elizabeth.



Elizabeth's mother, the Countess of Strathmore, believed that all her daughters should be trained to become good wives and mothers. Elizabeth was taught to paint.

But I don't like to paint, Mother!

She also learned how to play piano and the harp.



She learned to love good books...



... to cook and sew...



... to speak French...



... to ride a horse and to hunt.



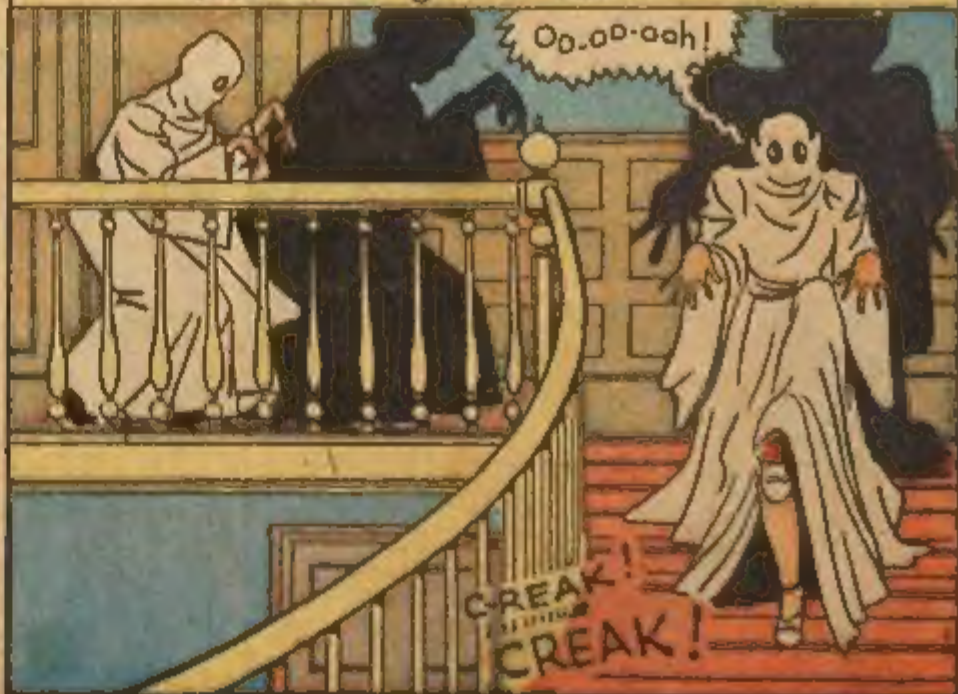
Elizabeth was often called "Lady Mischief." Whenever guests were staying at Glamis Castle, she would make up ghost stories to frighten them.



At night, Elizabeth and her younger brother would place a dummy ghost in the guest's bed...



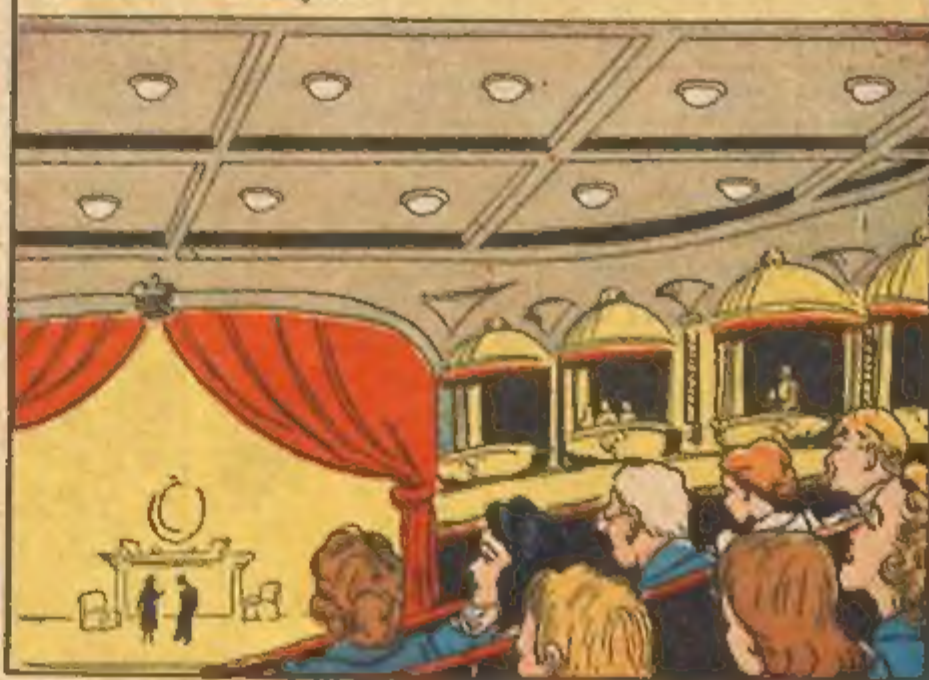
... or stamp up and down stairs making noises to uphold her ghost tales.



Elizabeth would also show the sights of Glamis to visitors and she accepted tips.



The family was not rich and Elizabeth, who loved the theatre, would sit in the cheap seats in the pit.



When Elizabeth's fourteenth birthday approached, she was highly excited.



The great night came! Imagine her disappointment when she found the theatre almost empty and the actors going through their lines listlessly.



When World War No.1 broke out, Glamis Castle was turned into a hospital for overseas soldiers, mainly Australians. Elizabeth helped nurse them.



She listened to many thrilling tales told by wounded soldiers.



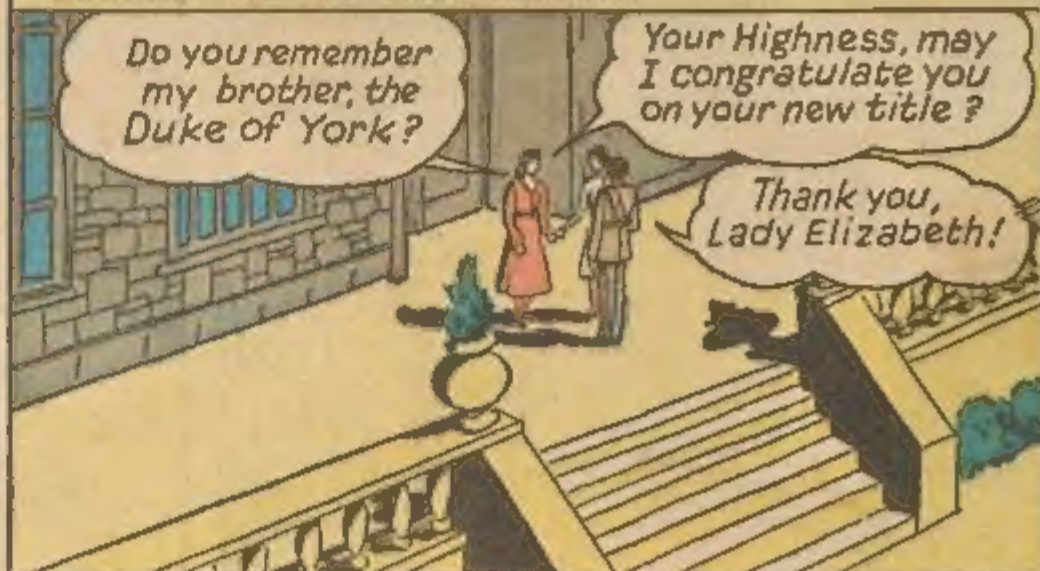
Off duty, Elizabeth would drive to the homes of villagers, whose sons were fighting in some Scottish regiment, to comfort them.



One day, a tongue-tied soldier tried to say good-bye to her, but couldn't. With a grin he pointed to a placard tied to his coat.



In 1920 Elizabeth's mother invited to a house party the Princess Mary and her brother, the Duke of York, who were the daughter and the second son of the then King of England. Elizabeth acted as hostess, because her mother was ill.



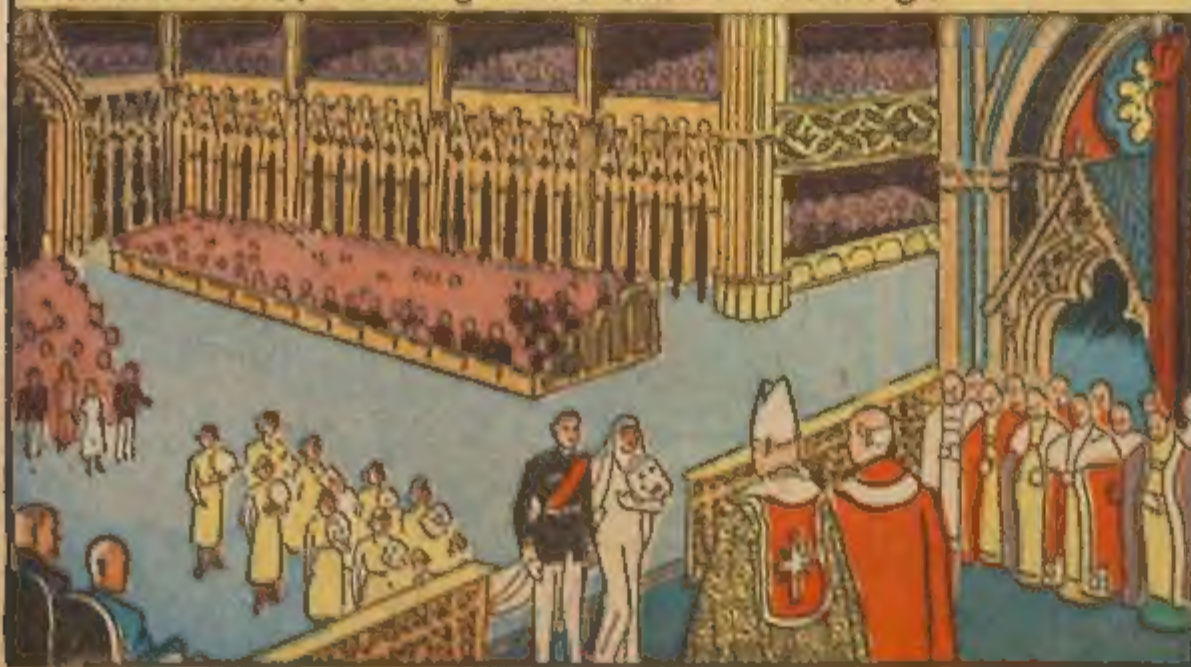
Two years later, at Princess Mary's wedding, Elizabeth was her bridesmaid. There she again met the Duke of York, who fell in love with her.



The Duke then became a frequent visitor at Glamis Castle. They soon were engaged to be married.



It was the first time since the year 1100, that a Scottish noblewoman married into the Royal family, close to the throne. They were given a State wedding.



After their marriage, they lived very quietly.



They toured East Africa. Elizabeth turned out to be a gracious charming guest.



Their first daughter was born in 1926. She was christened Elizabeth Alexandra Mary.



Elizabeth tried to bring up her child modestly. One day..while in the garden--



In 1930, Elizabeth's second child, Princess Margaret Rose, was born. The family lived a happy, retired life.



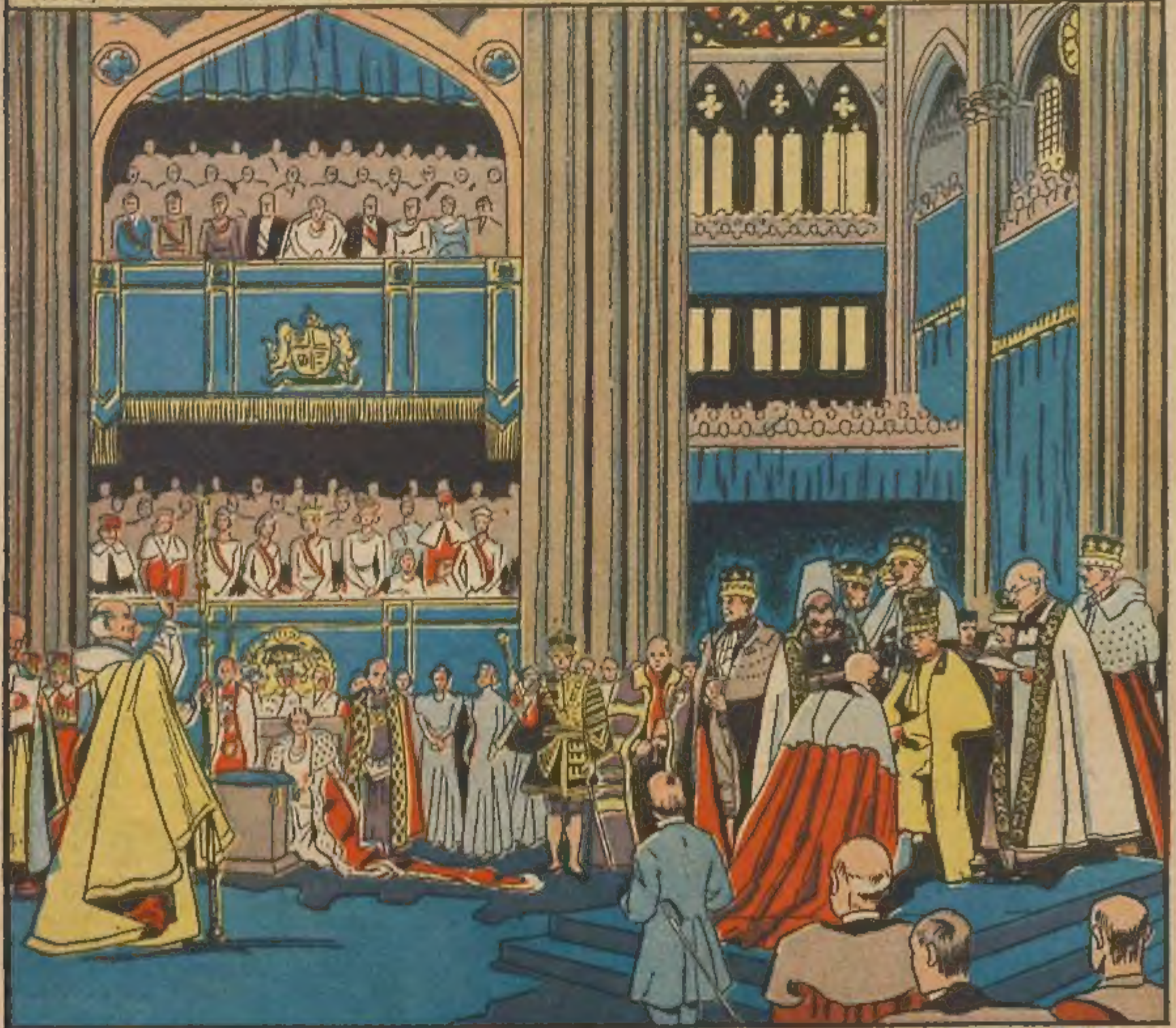
Elizabeth managed the Duke's household. She would visit the kitchens almost daily.



They were suddenly called from their peaceful existence in December 1936, when Edward VIII, the Duke's brother, resigned from the throne. The Duke of York became King of England and Elizabeth became Queen.



They were crowned in Westminster Abbey, London, on May, 12, 1937.



In 1939 the King and Queen came to America. Everywhere they went, they won acclaim. Everyone was attracted to the gracious Queen. The Queen rode with Mrs. Roosevelt and...



... The King rode with President Roosevelt in a parade in their honor in Washington, D.C.



As they toured Canada, they were received with enthusiasm everywhere.



As they embarked for their return to England, the Queen broadcast a message to the women and children of Canada.

I want to tell the women and children of Canada how glad I am to have seen so many of them.



When World War No. 2 began, the King and Queen visited Army camps, encouraging the soldiers.



Today the Queen also visits areas of London which have been laid waste by bombs.



The children of London should be removed to the country where they will be safe



But when she was asked whether the Royal Princesses would leave the country, she replied:





Mayor Martin's Daughters

In the first story—
her gang captured—
reward, and started—all in one breath-taking afternoon

By CHARLES G. MULLER

CONNIE MARTIN poked a tanned finger into the bulging stomach of the white-haired policeman sitting outside the Mayor's office on the second floor of City Hall. With an affectionate smile for Old Mike—who'd known her since she was knee-high to his brass buttons—Connie opened her father's door, crossed the big, old-fashioned room, and perched herself on a desk covered with official papers.

"Hi, Pop! What're you doing?"

Looking up at his laughing, red-headed daughter, Mayor George P. Martin pretended annoyance.

"Connie, will you stop coming in here to pester me!"

"Do I pester you, glamor-puss?"

Mayor Martin abruptly dropped a handful of papers.

"I won't have you calling me names! I . . . I . . ."

Connie stopped her father's sputtering, with an affectionate kiss.

"Could you advance me two hundred dollars," she asked sweetly, too sweetly, "on account?"

"On account of what?"

"On account of the high school circus our committee's staging for the benefit of the Athletic Association, which hasn't got a



Connie Martin—the Mayor's daughter

nickel in the treasury. Cap Riley heads the committee. You know him—"Superman" Riley."

Mayor Martin began to pick up his papers, scorning to answer.

"Come on, Pop, give!" urged Connie. "Stub Stevens can rent an Australian wallaby—a little kangaroo—for only fifteen dollars. And Peggy Stone says she can get an elephant, and . . ."

Gently but firmly, the Mayor shoved his daughter off the desk.

"If your gang knows how to get elephants and wallabies," he said briefly, "you're smart enough to get two hundred dollars."

"But not from you, Pop?"

"Right!"

A desk telephone rang sharply. Lifting the receiver, Mayor Martin paled at the first few

words. Then he spoke sharply.

"Call out the reserves. Block off all roads. Radio the State Troopers. I'll be right over!"

"Jail break?" Connie asked tensely.

Nodding quickly, Mayor Martin strode toward the door.

"The two brief-case bandits—who walked away from their robberies acting like ordinary business men—just escaped from City Jail, after knocking out a guard with an iron pipe."

Connie was at her father's heels.

"Go home, Connie. I don't want you mixed in this business!"

"I won't get in your way, Pop. I'll just . . ."

Held back by Old Mike, Connie helplessly watched her father depart. Finally released with a friendly pat, she leaned briefly over the floor opening to the flue that ran through City Hall to the cellar furnace, tended by Janitor Jock McGrath who, like Old Mike, was an object of Connie's affections.

"Hey, Jock!" she called down. "Two men just broke out of jail!"

Old Mike grinned to see the girl using what, as a child, Connie had called her "secret telephone."

"Jock's taking a couple of hours off after giving the furnace its spring cleaning," said Mike. But Connie already was out the door, on the way to round up her gang.

"Listen!" she began, almost breathless when she found them. "We're climbing into Cap's car to go prowling for the brief-case bandits!"

Six feet tall and broad of shoulder and beam, Cap Riley turned the idea down flat—on three counts.

"First of all, worm," he told Connie, "I haven't got gas for my jalopy. In the second place,

the brief-case bandits were jailed this morning. And in the third place, you're nuts in the first place!"

Stub Stevens genially agreed with Cap. But blonde Peggy Stone, sensing something unusual, waited expectantly.

"The bandits just escaped. Maybe there'll be a reward that we can use to stage our circus!" Connie announced crisply. Then, slowly: "If they get away, the papers will make a lot of cracks at my father. We've got to help him!"

Cap was willing. "But how?" he asked.

"By simply figuring out where we'd go if we were they!"

Stub shook his curly head.

"If it was as simple as that," he said, "the police would have nabbed 'em already!"

"But it is simple!" Connie insisted. "Those men got their name because, when they robbed a store, they put their loot into ordinary brief cases and walked out onto the street without anybody being suspicious."

"So what?" Cap was gradually getting the idea.

"So that instead of making a dash out of town, I think they're somewhere, inside the city limits!"

"At the zoo, maybe, looking at the wallaby, eh?" hazarded Stub.

"They would be!" Connie cried. "You go there, Stub, while Cap rides a bus downtown searching the streets. Peggy, you look inside every movie theater!"

"Where are you going?" Cap demanded.

"Back to City Hall—to keep in touch with things. Phone me there every half hour!"

Mayor Martin had no news for his daughter.

"The two men vanished without a trace," he told her. "But I've offered a thousand-dollar reward. Maybe some sharp-eyed citizen will spot 'em."

A thousand dollars! Connie's heart leaped. A thousand dollars! Oolie droolie!

The phone rang. Mayor Martin jerked the receiver to his ear, then handed it to Connie.

Stub Steven's voice came excitedly over the wire.

"Hey, devil," he exclaimed, "I can get the wallaby for the circus for only ten bucks! The zoo man says. . . ."

"Did you see the bandits?" Connie demanded, cutting Stub short. "Then come back into town and help Peggy cover the theaters!" she ordered, and hung up.

"Those men are in too much of a hurry to sit around in the movies," Mayor Martin declared.

Gazing thoughtfully across the street at the City Jail, Connie didn't reply.

"Think they might be playing checkers in the patrol wagon?" chuckled her father.

Connie stiffened.

"They might be!"

she cried, rushing out of the office.

At the bottom of the broad stairway to the ground floor, her heart pounding, Connie stopped short. Something inside was telling her she should look in the basement first. It didn't make any sense, but . . . well . . . if she was right in thinking the brief-case bandits would do the unexpected, perhaps they had realized what a perfect hide-out that basement was. The police would never in the world look in the City Hall!

Uh, uh! Connie shook her red head.

Then she opened the door to the basement and grimly started down the cellar stairs.

"Jock!" she called to the janitor through the darkness.

"Jock McGrath!"

Certainly there was no one in this vast underground cavern. But to steady her nerves, Connie called once more. Again no answer. As she turned to go



back upstairs, her foot struck something soft—soft, yet solid. She bent over to touch. And her fingers came away sticky. Connie shrieked.

But her shriek was stifled, by a huge hand clapped over her mouth. Another hand grabbed her waist. Swept off her feet, she was carried kicking through the dark.

She could barely see that she was being carried toward the huge furnace from which radiated a maze of pipes that looked like the legs of a giant spider. She could also make out a second figure.

Then Connie suddenly realized the worst. These were the brief-case bandits! They had picked the simplest hide-out—City Hall itself!



"We're climbing into Cap's car to go prowling for the bandits!"

Gagged with a smelly handkerchief that cut the corners of her mouth, wrists tied behind her back, and ankles wound with heavy string that Jock McGrath used to bind up old papers, Connie was deposited on the cement floor, her back against the furnace, not used at this time of year, its fire-door open. The men were whispering. The one who had captured Connie was tall and thin. The other was heavy-set, almost bald.

"We'll take her with us," the tall man said. "We can stick her up in front of us so the cops won't shoot."

"Okay!" agreed Baldy. "Let's move out in an hour or so—soon as it gets dark."

Connie knew, then, that she must get word to her father, to Cap, to Peggy—to anyone!

And she must do it now, at once!

Feeling along the floor behind her for a rough edge, Connie began to saw on the cord that bound her wrists. It was hard work. But for more than an hour she sawed—until her wrists were raw. With the gag cutting her mouth severely, she was in torture. Finally, tears streaming down her cheeks, she sagged back against the cold furnace—utterly exhausted.

For minutes she lay, disheartened. Then to her ears came sounds she'd been too busy to notice—distant footsteps and voices. She sagged no longer! Those sounds were coming to her through the big heating pipes. Her "secret telephone"!

But she was gagged. She couldn't use it!

Then it came to her—if she couldn't talk, perhaps she

could... Wriggling so that her mouth was close to the open furnace door, Connie meowed like a cat!

It was only a small meow, because she wanted to find out if the two men, whispering together just out of eye-range, would notice. When they didn't, Connie meowed again. Coming from her throat through the gag, the cry this time was louder.

But would it be heard upstairs? Would the person hearing it, recognize it? Would he know where to look?

As loudly as she could, Connie meowed a third time.

"Where's that cat?" hissed the tall man, suddenly alert.

Connie trembled. Those meows certainly weren't as natural as they might be!

"Quiet!" warned Baldy. "Only twenty minutes more and we move."

Twenty minutes! Connie sawed harder than ever at the bonds on her wrists. Then she heard a door open.

"Hey, Jock!"

It was Old Mike! Connie tensed.

"Get your cat out of the furnace," the police guard called down the stairs. Then the door closed.

Mike hadn't recognized the signal!

Connie was in a whirl of emotions. A life meant nothing to these men. They'd take hers in a flash if she made a false move. But she must try again!

"Meow! Meow!" Up through the flues went her frantic signal. Slipping around to where Connie sat against the furnace, the tall bandit lit a match and peered inside the fire-box. Then he turned.

"Say, do you think the girl..."

Connie sent up a prayer.

"Forget the cat!" Baldy cut in. "Let's get out of here!"

Yanking Connie to her feet, the tall bandit freed her ankles and pushed her roughly toward the cellar stairs. Her heart pounded. Were they going to march right out City Hall's front door?

Then she realized that they must be headed for a boarded-

up window behind the stairs, probably the way they'd come in! That was it! And if her mind had been a whirl before, it was a raging whirlpool now. She must do something—fast. She must . . .

Through the cellar came a hoarse voice.

"Hey, Connie!"

Cap Riley! Held tight in the bandit's iron grip, unable to move, Connie wondered if Cap was alone. Where was her father?

"If you're there, Connie, speak up!"

Through the dark, Connie sent a muffled "meow."

"Connie! I'm coming!" Feet pounded down the stairs. "Call the cops, Stub!"

Then a scuffle. Cap must have run into Baldy!

Connie's captor was dashing for the boarded window. Out of his grip, Connie raced after. She didn't know how Cap was making out with the other bandit, but she did know she simply couldn't let this one escape. Hands behind her back, she ran to where the leader had opened the window and was about to pull himself up.

As she reached him, Connie suddenly found that in her desperation she'd broken the frayed cords around her wrists! Her hands were free. She seized the bandit's legs in a football tackle!

Through the tumult of Cap's violent struggle with the other bandit, Connie held on to the tall man's legs. He was pulling himself up slowly but surely—and she was rising with him. She must keep him suspended. If he once got a secure purchase on the window sill . . .

Lights flashed.

"Hands up! You're surrounded!" a sharp voice barked. Mayor Martin!

As a dozen policemen with drawn guns closed in, the bandit dropped from the window on top of Connie Martin.

Then her father was beside her. Dazed, she saw Cap Riley's face, battered and crimson, but still with its familiar grin.

"Hey, worm, what say?" asked Cap.

Connie said nothing until her father removed the gag from her torn mouth. Then she replied, slowly:

"Poor Jock McGrath!"

"Why, Jock's not hurt!" exclaimed Cap.

Mayor Martin was bending over the man Connie's fingers had first felt in the dark.

"This is Jock's new assistant," said the Mayor. "He has a nasty gash on his head, but we'll pull him through."

"Great work, Connie!" cried

Stub Stevens, beside wide-eyed Peggy Stone. "I couldn't believe it when Cap said those meows were no cat's. But he was right—and are we rich!"

"The reward's yours and Cap's, Connie," Mayor Martin agreed. "You can have that circus now, all right."

"With a dozen wallabies and elephants at the very least!" Connie declared exultantly.

Read in our next issue, another exciting adventure of "Mayor Martin's Daughter."



Feeling behind her for a rough edge, Connie began desperately to saw on the cord that bound her wrists. The gag was cutting her mouth cruelly.

ELEPHANTS IN THE BACKYARD



Elephants in the backyard of a circus.

A DIFFERENT town every day! Sleeping on a train every night! Every meal a super picnic off red-checked tablecloths in a huge tent! Elephants in the backyard! These and lots of other exciting things are just everyday features for the girls who travel with Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey. Some girls join their parents as soon as school is over and travel during the summer to 150 different cities. Others, after

By **JOAN DOUGLAS**

Photographs by Loomis Dean

years of practice, have at last been given contracts as performers in the circus.

THESE girls take it all in their stride. But at the same time they are secretly quite excited by their background; that's shown by the gleam in their eyes as they talk about the circus. But you wouldn't know it by their ac-

tions. The unspoken slogan of the circus is "Be yourself." And circus girls live up to it; they don't put on any airs. They are interested in the same things you are. They have the same hair-do. They wear the same kinds of slacks and playshoes; and they wander about the "backyard"—that mysterious area behind the big top—eating popsicles and drinking cokes.

There are not many young girls with Ringling Bros and

Barnum & Bailey. Leader of the younger set is Sally Nelson Marlowe. Sally is the twelve-year-old daughter of Theol Nelson Marlowe of a famous family of internationally known acrobats, the Nelson family. Sally hopes to be a top-notch acrobat and rider like her mother, and so she has already been training for several years—and loves it. Every day in the backyard of the circus she practices with her mother, so that she may learn balance and timing. She is a good performer



Coretta Cristiani's riding ancestors and years of practice have given her ease on her ring horse



You don't have to go to Banbury Cross to see this fine lady — Gloria Haight—on her white horse

now; she does trick somersaults and handstands and twists. But it will be several years before she appears in public.

MEANWHILE, she keeps up with her classes. Actually she keeps ahead of most of the kids in the schools she goes to in Mt. Clemens, Michigan, which is the home of the Nelson family, and in Sarasota, Florida, winter residence of the circus, where she spends part of the school year.

When school is over Sally joins her mother. That means sleeping in a railroad car of one of the four trains necessary to carry the circus from one town to another. There are

special cars for girls, and special ones for men, and others for married couples. Some of the couples have staterooms which their small sons and daughters share. The girls make gay window curtains of gingham and other materials for the windows of their berths. Traveling as they do means that they can carry very few clothes with them — only as many as they can hang from special hooks in the walls and ceiling of the car and in the lockers provided for their personal belongings.

THE performers' train is the last one to leave a town after the evening performance. When it pulls into the next town, the performers walk or

ride the circus' bus to the "lot," that vacant piece of land that's so unattractive until the circus comes to town. There the "cook-house" has already been set up. (It is no "house" at all, but a large tent where 4,800 meals are served each day to everyone connected with the circus.) The smells of breakfast are much like those in your home, but somehow more luscious in the open air.

Most of the performers sleep until almost noon, but their girls and boys get up earlier. Sally takes some of the smaller children under her wing. Among them are chunky, blonde Antoinette Cristiani (Toni, to everyone on the lot), who is four years old; Nita Borza, the three-year-old daughter of Charly, the bounding star of the trampoline net (the large-holed net that looks as if it would be such fun to drop into and can really be so dangerous unless you know just how to fall); Hal Castle, small son of Hubert Castle, the amazing wire walker. For fun, Sally holds informal school sessions; and she really teaches the youngest ones bits of geography and history, grammar and arithmetic. All of these circus

children go to the classes held now and then by one of the radio men, who was once a schoolteacher.

Sally has plenty of time to wander about the menagerie and the sideshows. She visits the elephants and feeds them peanuts just as you do. Sometimes she acts as nursery-school teacher to the young children around the sandpile which the property boss usually manages to fix up. Or maybe she listens to one of the fascinating stories the clowns tell so often to a group of admiring circus boys and girls.

Girls Who Perform

A FULL working schedule, with an afternoon and an evening performance every day except Sunday, leaves little time for girl performers to do the things they want to do. So it's lucky that what they like best is to be in the circus! Yes, this is for them a normal life, but it's still a glamorous one. They have the circus in their blood! They are just as enthusiastic circus fans as outsiders to whom the word *backyard* means a small plot of grass with laundry waving in the breeze. (Incidentally, there is plenty of laundry in the circus' backyard, too, the people with the big show do their own washing. But no fancy washing machines. Not even hot water. Circus people have the luxurious laundry equipment of two tin pails, and if they want hot water they must carry it from the cookhouse.)

THE three youngest performers with Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey are Corcaita (accent on the second syllable, and the *i* pronounced like a long *e*) Cristiani, Glenna Hartzell, and Gloria Haight.

This is Corcaita's first season as a performer. But she's been training for bareback riding since she was six years old—just as her four-year-old sister Toni trains now on the broad, bare back of a horse, with a "mechanic" or safety belt around her tiny waist. If you look quickly — for she moves



Sally Nelson Marlowe practices acrobatics from her mother's shoulders

fast — you'll find dark-haired Corcaita in the midst of all "The Incomparable Riding Cristiani Family," as the program puts it, doing breath-taking tricks on horses in the center ring. Corcaita in her span-gled costume and high white boots dances on a trotting horse, does clever acrobatic feats on the ground.

HER family is the largest family in the circus business. There are nineteen of them. They are Italian, but their birthplaces range from Lisbon to Honolulu, from Singapore to Cleveland. And they've been in the business for four generations. In other words, there were Cristianis in circuses when your great-great-grandmother was a girl. Corcaita was taught to ride by her

father, Diviso Cristiani, who no longer rides in the act. Her mother used to be in the act, too, but now she devotes herself to keeping house. Mother Cristiani has circus in her veins, too; she can't stay away from the backyard and spends a lot of time in the large dressing tent of the family. But she returns early to the railroad car given over to this big family and cooks for them there. So Corcaita, unlike the other girls of the circus, seldom eats in the large cookhouse.

Corcaita goes to school in Sarasota, and somehow it seems not quite in keeping with her extraordinary life to know that her favorite subject is arithmetic!

ANOTHER girl born and brought up in the circus is curly-haired Glenna Hartzell, whose father and mother have been clowns since long before Glenna was ever thought of. Glenna rides a pony in the "spec" (spectacle, to us outsiders). That's the big parade that comes soon after the show starts. She is one of the birds in the aerial ballet that swings on ladders while Ella Ardelty swings on a bar high in the tent. And she climbs high on a rope ladder in the grand red-white-and-blue finale. Glenna goes to the same school as Corcaita. The sports she likes best are swimming and skating.

GLORIA HAIGHT'S family is not really made up of circus folk—though her parents once spent a season with the show, just for the fun of it, just because they loved the circus. That was exactly twenty-five years before Gloria signed her first contract with the circus this spring. Her father, now a retired Wall Street business man, and her mother both were trick riders, and her mother was in a living statue act. Gloria may not be of circus stock, but it seems to her she's been training for this chance all her life. Ever since she was a year and a half old she's been riding horses; at that tender age her mother started her ca-



When the circus loads and unloads, the elephants pull equipment. Here they await their place in the parade

reer by holding her on a horse. Later Gloria helped train her father's polo ponies, and she has a string of gaited horses of her own. Her home is in Amityville, Long Island; but there's a winter home in Sarasota, and of course that's where Gloria learned to know the circus very well. She played around at the circus last winter, and first thing she knew she decided it would be swell to join the circus. So she trained for a month and a half, and got her contract. Smooth is the word for blonde Gloria; but you can tell she's pretty excited about being in the circus. Her father and mother think it's grand that she has the chance.

Watch carefully—the spec—this year it's called “Old King Cole and Mother Goose”—and you'll see Gloria in dazzling white, wearing a beautiful platinum blonde wig, and rings on her fingers, bells on her toes, riding a stately white horse. Later perhaps you can find her, looking like a society lady of forty years ago, on a spirited gaited horse in the scene called “Evening in Central Park.” Still later she too climbs high on a ladder in the grand finale.

Like the other girls in the circus, Gloria bathes from her tin pail (with cold water). But once in awhile, when the show is in a town overnight, she and other circus girls share a hotel room for a real binge of hot baths, hot shampoo, general clean-up, and beds that don't rock over the rhythmic click of the rails. Imagine clean-up jobs being luxuries! And between shows Gloria takes in a movie, if there's a good one in town. But she's always back on the lot by the time the bugle blows in the backyard to gather the performers for the opening.

Yes, beneath their wigs and spangles girls who live with, in, and about the circus are much the same as other girls everywhere. But elephants in the backyard are still exciting.



Lou Jacobs, the famous clown, finds time between ring appearances to tell fascinating stories to Toni Cristiani and other circus girls and boys

GLORIA JEAN MOVIE FAN



Gloria Jean does everything that occupies the average thirteen-year-old American girl

NOBODY in Hollywood has as much fun as one star who has never been inside a night club, a race track, or any of the other places where the public generally pictures motion picture people at play. The star who gets most kick out of Hollywood is Gloria Jean. Imagine an eleven-year-old girl from Scranton, Pennsylvania — or anywhere else — who had never been closer to a star than the front row of a movie theater, coming to Hollywood not only to meet the people she had always idolized, but to become their friend. That's what happened to Gloria Jean. And after two years in Hollywood, during which time she has starred in three Universal pictures, Gloria still does not quite realize that she herself is a star like her idols.

Gloria herself illustrated how unspoiled she is when she returned to Scranton for the world premiere of her first picture, "The Under-Pup," in 1939. She had received the praise of some of Hollywood's

outstanding stars during her months in Hollywood, and had become pretty famous even before her first film reached the screen.

"What do you like best about Hollywood?" was one of the first questions her Scranton friends asked Gloria when she returned home for the premiere.

Gloria replied that one of the best things was that she "had a

A star of three pictures gets a big kick not so much from being in the movies as from being in Hollywood and meeting other famous stars

By GEORGE THOMAS

chance to meet such famous people as C. Aubrey Smith and Virginia Weidler and Margaret Lindsay." She did not realize then, and hardly knows now, that those "famous people" actually were her supporting players, and she was the star.

Indeed, Gloria's life away from the studio includes nothing that might impress her with the importance of her position as a star. At home she is no more than the equal of her sisters Sally, Lois, and Bonnie, who are schoolgirls and not stars. She plays games and goes to school and rides her bicycle and does everything that occupies the average thirteen-year-old American girl.

There is a more important reason, aside from the normality of her life and her failure to realize her own position as a star, why Gloria gets such a tremendous kick out of Hollywood. That secret, which is no secret at all, lies in the fact that she is just as rabid a movie fan as she was when she arrived in Hollywood.



Gloria's life away from the studio includes nothing that might impress her with her importance as a star

one day in December, 1938. Gloria is just as loyal to her favorites and their films as the president of any fan club, despite the fact that she no longer seeks autographs nor is she as nervous in the presence of stars as she was on the day she met Deanna Durbin.

Deanna was Gloria's supreme idol. And soon after the Scranton girl arrived in Hollywood, producer Joe Pasternak ar-

ranged for the two to meet. The occasion was the only one within anyone's memory that disturbed the remarkable poise Gloria has displayed both on and off the screen.

"Gee, you're beautiful," was all Gloria could manage to say after her introduction to Deanna. After that, Gloria had to be taken home for the rest of the day.

Other stars keep scrapbooks

of their own photographs. Gloria is the only one who keeps books of photos of other stars. She is the only star who can be found at the neighborhood movie on fifty-two Sunday afternoons every year, and on every other day when she can find the time. She has seen more than three hundred feature films during her two years in Hollywood.

Gloria is the only star who has photographs of her movie

idols on her bedroom walls. She belongs to the fan clubs of more than a half-dozen stars, including Basil Rathbone, Brian Aherne, and Robert Cummings. And she is not just an honorary member but an active one. Probably nothing will change Gloria from continuing as a movie fan, at least not for years.

Last year Gloria attended the President's Birthday Ball in Washington, D. C. She met the President and the First Lady (with both of whom she made a hit) and other Washington officials. She saw all the things which students read and dream about. Altogether she had about as impressive an experience as a youngster her age could hope to have.

But the first report Gloria gave her family on returning from Washington was not how she met the President or saw the Lincoln Memorial or even about her cross-country trip. She first told them about how Tyrone Power had hugged her! If meeting the President could not be more important in Gloria's mind than this bit of excitement on the movie front, what could be more vital to Gloria than the motion picture world of which she has become a part?

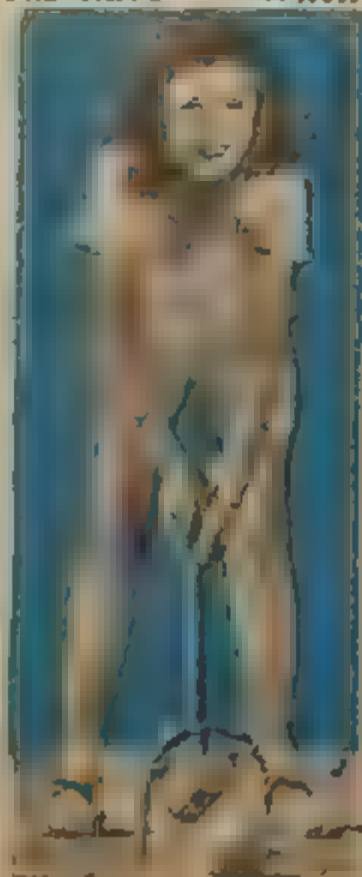
The attentions and gifts showered on Gloria since she met Hollywood's famous have done nothing to dissuade her from her course as a film fan. Among the Christmas and birthday presents she has received from Hollywood friends and acquaintances are some two hundred dolls, of all sizes and cost. Her pet doll is a tiny figure of Basil Rathbone as Richard III, a "prop" used in "Tower of London" and presented to Gloria by property men who know that Rathbone is her favorite actor.

Outwardly Gloria exhibits all the assurance and poise at her command, even when

she meets the stars. Perhaps her most exciting moment in Hollywood took place on the day when Rathbone invited her to tea on the set of "The Black Cat." Even Rathbone does not know that the occasion on which her favorite first entertained Gloria also marked the first time Gloria ever tasted tea. She managed two cups of it with adult poise, which was no indication of her inward emotion.

Because Gloria is so wrapped up in Hollywood, both on and off the sound stages, work in pictures is actually play to her. She is so keen about acting that the most difficult dramatic scenes are her favorites, while she is only mildly enthusiastic about the comedy or singing scenes which are so easy for her. Even when Gloria is not working, she can often be found on some old set with her sister Lois, going over some memorable scene from "Show Boat," "Spring Parade," "Tower of London," or another feature whose sets are still standing on the Universal lot.

When Gloria is working on a picture, her time is carefully budgeted. Gloria and her sister Lois, who is ten months younger than Gloria and acts as her stand-in, get up early. They breakfast with their father, who drives them to the studio schoolroom where they spend three hours of every day. Usually Gloria finds time before leaving home to practice her scales. Later in the day, Gloria has a three-hour singing lesson, whether she's working in a picture or not. When school is over, Gloria's mother joins the two girls at



She enjoys croquet



A star at badminton

the studio. Lunch is at the commissary, where wide-eyed Gloria and Lois eagerly look for their favorite stars.

Not more than five minutes of rehearsal precede any of Gloria's acting scenes, for her director likes to keep her as simple and unaffected on the screen as she is in real life, but in her preparation for singing on the screen go hours of additional voice rehearsal.

Between pictures, Gloria takes her turn at household tasks whenever she can be spared from her singing and school lessons. Of course, she can no longer run errands as she used to back in Scranton. Her appearance in Hollywood's shopping

district would draw so many autograph collectors that she would be unable to make her purchases. But she washes dishes, cooks, and sews. She also finds time to teach tricks to her wire-haired fox terrier, "Pat"; his latest is riding in a basket attached to the handlebars of Gloria's bicycle. Also, somehow or other, Gloria Jean manages to get in some tennis and badminton, as well as games of croquet with Sally, Lois, and Bonnie.

In Gloria's busy life there is one set custom that never varies. Rain or shine, working or not, Gloria buys ice-cream cones every afternoon for her sisters; any other children who happen to be around, and herself.

Gloria eats, sleeps, plays, talks, and walks Hollywood. The only thing she hasn't done is go high-hat, "go Hollywood." Hollywood knows she won't.

13 WAYS GIRLS can help in the NATIONAL DEFENSE

NATIONAL defense can be furthered — believe it or not—at home! You may possibly think it romantic to see young men in uniform. You doubtless have wished that you too could have an active part in America's defense program. You can! There are many things you can do that will be useful. A big navy and a well-trained and well-equipped army are necessary, of course, but they require healthy, well-organized

communities behind them. Such community strength needs to be built in your own home town. And that's where girls come in. The efforts of women and girls are, of course, more important during emergency times like these than they are in normal times. Maybe you will think the services you can render aren't very exciting; but neither is drilling in the hot sun or sloshing wearily across a muddy field.

Here are thirteen ways in which you can help in the national defense:

(1) **Give a helping hand at home.** Help your parents, who are extraordinarily busy during these times. When you give your mother a hand in such things as making beds, washing dishes, cleaning, caring for your small sister or brother, you give her more time for some of her additional duties. In these busy days your father may have to



Mr. Hecht is president of the companies which publish "Eating All Girls," "True Combat," "Real Heroes," "Parents Magazine," and "School Management." He is vice president of The Limited Editions Club and secretary of both the Welfare Council of New York City, and The Greater New York Fund Inc. During World War No. 1, he was head of the U. S. Government Bureau of Cartoons and compiled the book, "The War in Cartoons."

work longer hours than men can.

be a real help if you take charge of weeding and tending the garden, for instance, and running errands. You can help make your home a safe place to live in by doing your part to see that utensils and toys are not left around to be tripped over, by reporting to your father if you find a frayed electric light cord, or a broken step. You can help by taking

over some of the marketing, and learning to economize, at a time when taxes and living costs are high.

(2) **Take some part in community activities.** The meeting of local needs strengthens the entire nation. There are many things to be done for the im-

provement and happiness of our community. What can you do about it? You can, for instance, help to make new toys or repair and paint old ones for orphaned children, make books for hospital patients, see books to be loaned to the Army or Navy, help with the collection of old clothing; promote the conservation of wildlife; develop school gardens — or even a small plot in your backyard; help supervise the activities of all children at a local playground or nursery school; collect, sort, and repair clothing for the needy in your community or for refugees or to send to stricken countries. Most of these things are done most effectively in co-operation with local community organizations. You may find that you can accomplish more along these lines by joining the Girl Scouts, the Campfire Girls, or some other local organization. You will certainly discover that from these activities

WHAT WOMEN AND GIRLS CAN DO TO MAKE AMERICA STRONG

"Woman's most important work is the strengthening of community life and social well-being. The better our homes are organized, the more service our schools, churches, and local organizations can give our communities, the better prepared we will be as individuals to meet whatever demands the future may make of us. The underlying motif is to make America impregnable by making America strong; stronger than ever before. Sturdier in body—steadier in nerves—surer in living."

—Harriet Elliott, National Defense Advisory Council

you get lots of fun, as well as that lovely warm glow that comes of bringing some happiness to other people

(3) *Learn how to give first aid* Probably classes are available in your community for training in first aid. The American Red Cross gives such training as well as training in home nursing, life saving, and nutrition. Every girl should know what to do in an emergency in case of accident, and how to do it

(4) *Prepare yourself for your future work.* Try to think ahead to the job in life you are best fitted for and begin to get ready for it. Talk to men and women you know who are now doing the kind of work you believe you can do best. Consult your teachers. If your school or community has resources for vocational guidance, talk over your problems with these agencies

(5) *Study nutrition* Nutrition education is a vital part of the national defense effort. The nation's strength depends to a great degree on the health of all the people. When you learn about nutrition—which means how to plan and cook well-balanced meals — you are acquiring knowledge that helps your family to get the most nourishing and appetizing meals out of its food budget. Your school may have courses on nutrition to help you. And there are books in the library, and magazine articles, that will aid you in knowing how to choose and prepare many different foods in many ways

(6) *Remember the boys at camp.* Write frequently to the young men you know at Army camps. Make cookies and candies to send to them. The best of Army food becomes pretty dull. Letters and boxes from home or from friends help to keep up "morale," or spirits.

(7) *Knit, sew, and give bundles.* All kinds of garments are needed for fighting forces and for women and children in war-torn countries. Get in touch with Bundles for Britain; if there is no branch in your town, address the national organiza-



Reproduced from a poster painted by McClelland Barclay for Bundles for Britain, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

tion at 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., to find out what you can do in ~~knitting, sewing,~~ and collecting ~~bundles for the~~ aid of the British.

(8) *Give what you can.* Give more than usual—as much as you possibly can — to local organized charities and to war relief funds. Don't be embarrassed if you can give only a few cents; every penny helps to swell the totals of your local

Community Chest, the American Red Cross, the United Service Organizations for National Defense, Inc., the British War Relief, and other worthwhile organizations.

(9) *Buy Defense Stamps.* Buying Defense Stamps not only helps to pay for America's ~~ambitious~~ defense program, but ~~eventually~~ even brings you some interest on your money! You can buy these stamps for

as little as ten cents; if enough people buy them in even such low amounts, they add up to make a large total. Ask your father about them, or ask a bank in your town, or ask at

(10) *Be a good neighbor.* Make a point of helping the other fellow, the newcomer to the community as well as the one you've known all your life. If you will get to know your neighbors and their problems, you will get to like them and perhaps they will help to them. Many larger boys and girls—and children—whose parents were born in other countries—feel at home. Remember that the strength of America lies, not in all its citizens being alike, but in the variety of peoples, the richness of its cultural heritage. Don't listen to Nazi propaganda that seeks to weaken America by stirring up discord between our different racial and religious groups.

(11) *Appreciate the democracy you live in.* You have a real privilege in living in a democ-



British girls and boys of all ages, sent to this country to be safe from bombs, tie American and British flags together as a gesture of friendship

racy. In Germany girls are regimented in their schools and are required to go into labor camps. They are limited as to what books they read, what radio programs they may listen to. There is no free speech, no free press, no freedom of assembly. Think how fortunate you are that you are not trapped in one

of the European countries at war. You are blessed with peace and freedom. Read the Bill of Rights in the Constitution. And remember that freedom is something so precious that it is worth spending every effort to preserve.

(12) *Be ready to sacrifice.* Take as part of your job the fact that you will have to make some sacrifices. You may not be able to buy some of the things you want because the manufacture of them may be curtailed due to the making of defense products. Money may be scarcer in your home because taxes are going up and prices, too. But remember that it is worth giving up something to preserve the freedom you have.

(13) *Remain calm.* It is sometimes difficult not to be upset, when there is much excitement about the war in the newspapers and in the conversation around you. But if you are doing something—no matter how little—to make America strong, you'll find it easier to avoid worry.

You have been waiting to help. You have your chance now! Of course you haven't time to take up all the activities mentioned. Check the list and decide what you can do best. Yes, defense does begin at home. Strong families make a strong nation!



Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, secretary of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, receives the James Monroe High School (New York) 1941 Good-Will Award from Anita Horowitz who wrote a prize-winning essay

GRACIOUS YOU!



Sir Walter Raleigh's gallantry in spreading his rich cloak to protect the Queen's feet has lived nearly four centuries

When you know the rules it's easier to get along with people. The world does love and admire fine manners!

By **ELEANOR BOYKIN**
Author of "This Way, Please!"
A Book of Manners"

more than kindly instincts to tell you what is the proper thing to do. You need a knowledge of etiquette—the rules of good manners that people have accepted in order to avoid mix-ups and misunderstandings.

Who Speaks First?

You pass Jack on the street, for instance. Which of you should speak first? It might seem to you that he should lift his hat before you bow and smile. He might feel that he did not want to have his hat in the air until he knew that you had seen him. The two of you might end by not speaking at all, each thinking the other was stuck up or backwoods. But there is no question at all when you know the manners rule: *A woman speaks first when she passes a man she knows.* This is one of your feminine privileges.

The Matter of Introductions

One time when some people feel fluttery is when they are introduced. If you know a few simple rules, you need not get any more fussed over being introduced than over drinking an ice-cream soda. You will respond to the introduction with "How do you do"; not with "Pleased to meet you," which is not considered good form. When introduced to older per-

A TALL, handsome young man was standing in the street as a stately, plain-featured woman with several companions passed by. The distinguished lady halted; directly in front of her was a mud puddle. Instantly the young man whipped off his rich, crimson-lined cloak, flung it across the mire, and made a low bow which said, "For you to step on, Madame."

Yes, you are right; you have heard that story. The woman was England's beruffed, bejeweled Queen Elizabeth; and the man, the dashing Sir Walter Raleigh; the time, around 1580. Most of us never think of the big things Raleigh did—his political ventures, his colonizing exploits—but we remember that little anecdote. Think of it, a small gallantry kept alive for nearly four hundred years! The world may seem hard-hearted, but it does love fine manners.

You probably rate them pretty high yourself. Not merely because they add charm to a

person, but also because they make people so much pleasanter to get along with, so much more likable. When someone whose heel has landed on your big toe says politely, "I'm sorry," you don't mind the hurt half so much as if the offender had moved on without a word, as unconcerned as a traffic light. You give your seat in the bus to an elderly person or a woman with a baby and get a warm "Thank you" with a smile. You get pleasure out of your little sacrifice. But if the receiver just glances at you as if you were a walking dummy and plumps down into the seat—!

The wish to be decently agreeable will keep you from such a rudeness, will prompt you to apologize whenever you inconvenience a person, to thank anyone from a waiter to a prince who does you a favor. But good manners do not always come so easily as this. You may be parachuted right into a situation where you need



Mind your table manners—unless you want people to remember you like this. In other words, this is not the way to handle those pesky chicken bones!

sons, will you shoot a hand toward them? No, etiquette says: *Young people wait for older ones to offer a hand after an introduction.*

Those Chicken Bones

There is the chicken bone-picking question, which good manners has had to settle over and over again. You are invited, let us say, to dinner at a friend's house. It is your luck to draw the wing or one of those bony back pieces of the chicken. Your knife slips about, trying to pull loose enough meat for a good bite. You wonder if it would do to take up the bone in your fingers!

Wait long enough to consider these principles of good manners: *Never do anything which might be unpleasant for others to see. Avoid appearing greedy. Be careful about the pictures of yourself you make for others to behold.* Will those at the table enjoy seeing you gnawing dog-like at a helpless chicken wing, mouth and fingers greasy? Are you willing for them to carry away this picture of you, a dainty girl, in their minds? Perhaps you will decide to use your knife and fork as skillfully as you can and bear up if you have to leave some delicate morsels of flesh. There are times, though, when your hostess takes her piece of chicken in her fingers, or suggests that you do so. Then there's no reason why you should not use your fingers, as long as you are dainty about it, and avoid the smearing process as much as

possible. And in the privacy of your family or in the company of an intimate friend, you will hardly be criticized for a little, restrained bone-handling.

When You Know What to Do

Sometimes you need a knowledge of good manners so that you may understand others' actions. Has anything like the following incident come up in your experience? If not, it may. Carl invited Mildred to a picnic. She had to refuse, because she was going out of town with her family. He asked Janet, who accepted. Then Mildred's parents changed their plans, and she telephoned Carl, bubbling over with the news that she could join the picnic crowd Saturday. Carl hesitated a minute. This made Mildred a little uneasy; perhaps Carl had changed his mind and did not want her to go. It had not occurred to her that he would naturally ask someone to take her place, or she would have begun with: "Carl, we're not going out of town. If you haven't made a date for the picnic, I'll be glad to go. But if you've asked somebody else, it's all right." Carl did want Mildred to go, of course; she had been his first choice. But, nevertheless, he said straightforwardly: "I'm awfully sorry, Mildred, but I asked Janet, when you said you couldn't go. Maybe one of the other boys will like to invite you. I can think of several who would be glad to have you go

as their date! I am sure you can go."

How would you have felt in Mildred's place? Would you have understood that, since Janet had accepted Carl's invitation in good faith, he would be extremely ill-bred to withdraw it because he could go with another girl? Mildred did. She knew that if Carl had been wishy-washy about his engagement with Janet, he might, sometime in the future, treat her no better. She knew, too, that his was the grown-up, well-bred handling of the situation. She assented to Carl's plan. Carl found one of his friends who had not made a date for the picnic and cheerfully agreed to invite Mildred. Everybody had a good time.

How can you be sure that you have your manners straight? Notice what people do who have poise, charm, and gentle ways; you can get many courtesy cues from them. Notice, too, the things that seem to offend them. When you see an opportunity for a thoughtful act, follow up your idea promptly. Your manners can be as attractive as those of the experienced persons you admire.



A feminine privilege of yours is to speak first when you pass a boy you know

JUNGLE ADVENTURESS

Osa Johnson



OSA JOHNSON was born in the little town of Chanute, Kansas, but her life is a story of exciting and daring adventures in little-explored parts of the world ...

WHEN Osa married Martin Johnson she said farewell to the quiet prairie life of her childhood.

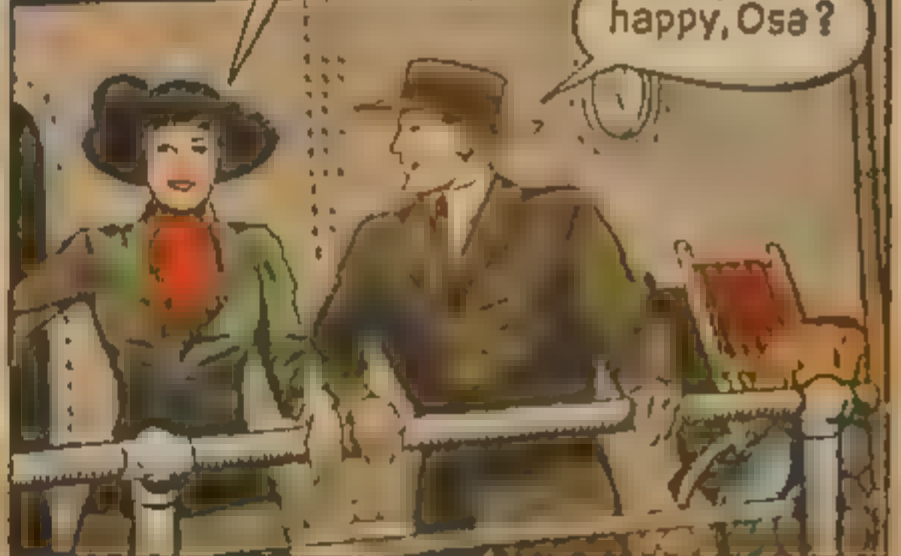
But we're not going to settle down in Kansas, Osa dear. You and I are going around the world together.

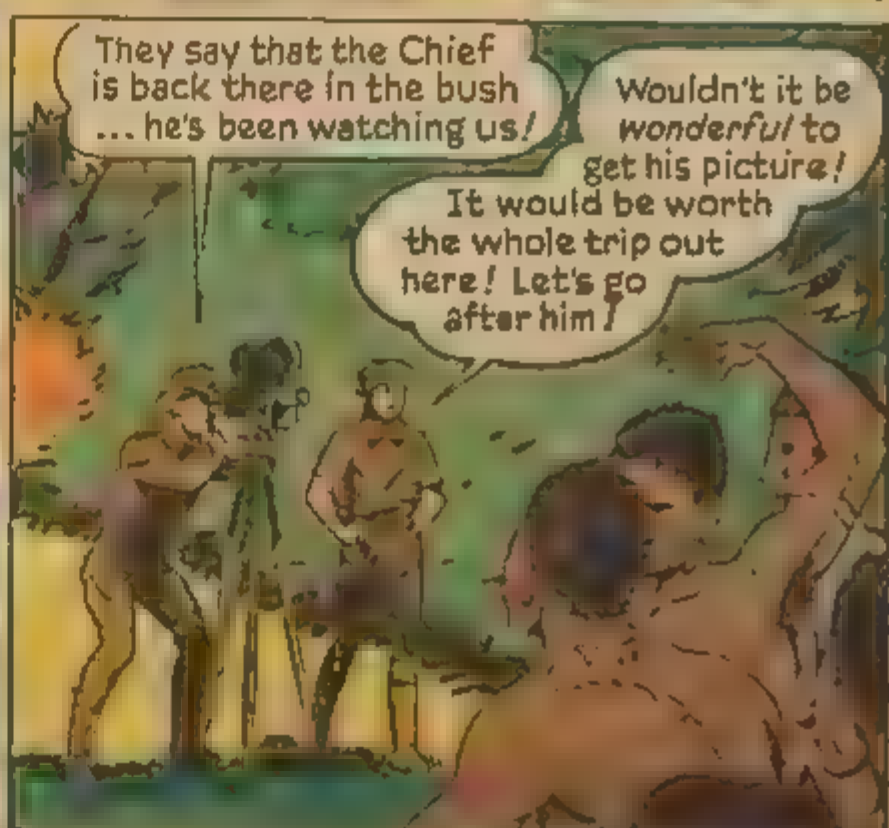
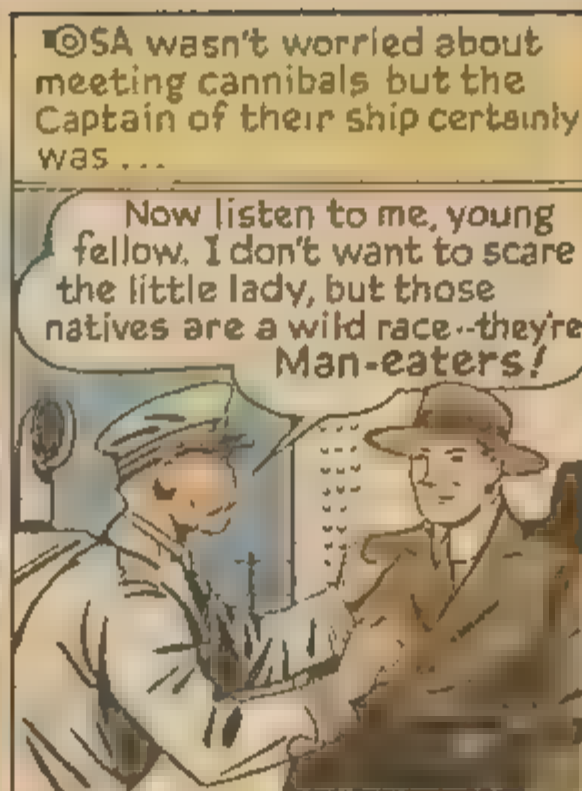


AND Osa was not sorry...

To the South Sea Islands! I can hardly believe that we are on our way -- really!

Are you happy, Osa?





AND the search for the cannibal chief was on!...

If you'd rather not go on, just say so... this may be too dangerous for you!

Oh no! We must get that picture!

ALL AT ONCE the chief appeared...

Don't let them see you're afraid!

Look what I have for you, Chief!

Keep cool, Darling! and whatever you do, *keep smiling!*

Hurry on down that trail, Osa! I'll follow...

THEY tried to get away but the savages seized them!...

SUDDENLY the natives let them go. A British gunboat was steaming into the bay below...

We're not lost yet, Martin!

Man-o'-war come for us! We go!

BUT Osa and Martin both knew that if the British ship left, they would surely be recaptured...



If that ship gets away before we reach the beach, we're sunk, Martin!

THEY reached the beach too late! ...just as the British ship left the island...



There goes our hope! It's leaving, all right!

We're not going to give up now! We still have our small boat!



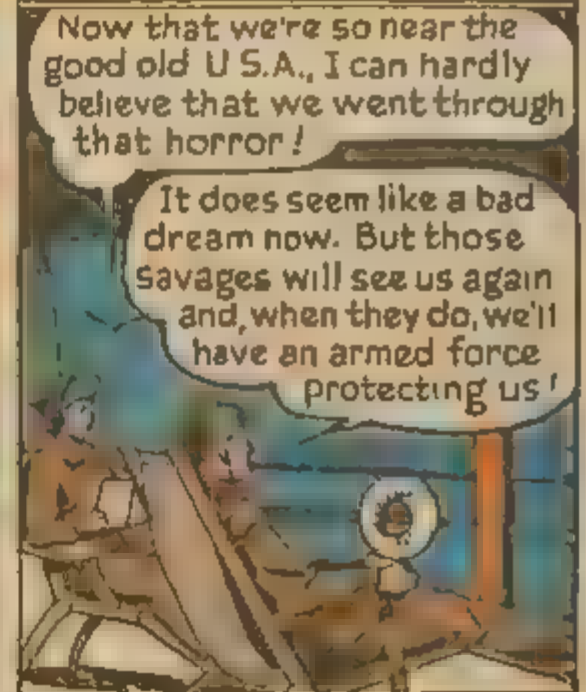
Hurry, Martin! I hear those savages right behind us!

THE EXCITEMENT was too much for Osa! ...



She's fainting! Catch her!

HOMEWARD BOUND at last, for a short vacation ...



Now that we're so near the good old U.S.A., I can hardly believe that we went through that horror!

It does seem like a bad dream now. But those savages will see us again and, when they do, we'll have an armed force protecting us!

ON their second visit to the island of Malekula, Osa and Martin were ready for anything...



I guess we've got a couple of surprises up our sleeves for the Old Boy this time!

The chief is much more friendly this time!



Yes, indeed! And we're going to get some great pictures of these strange people!

ON BOARD S.H.P. Osa showed the Chief a picture of himself..



This is you, Chief!

U-R-R! U-R-R!

AND THEN Martin decided to take pictures of the strange jungle animals about them...



ONE DAY, while they were filming a herd of buffalo, a grizzled old buffalo charged madly at the young couple -- and the rest of the herd followed...



Osa then let out such a shrill scream that the buffalo were frightened away!



HUNTING ELEPHANTS in Borneo was exciting too...



Take a gun and get up a tree! Quickly!

Here they come!



I'm right behind you, Osa!

Where are you, Martin?



IN the excitement, Osa dropped her gun on the elephants below -- which made the beasts even more angry!



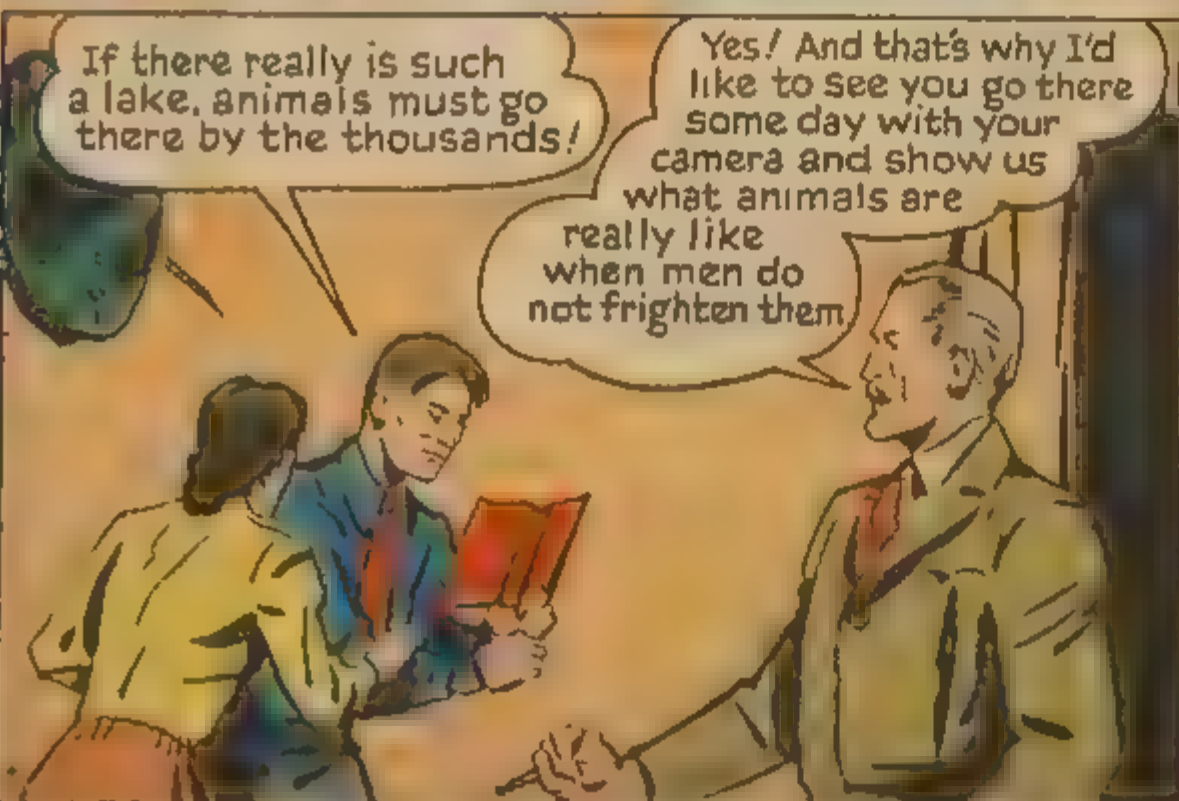
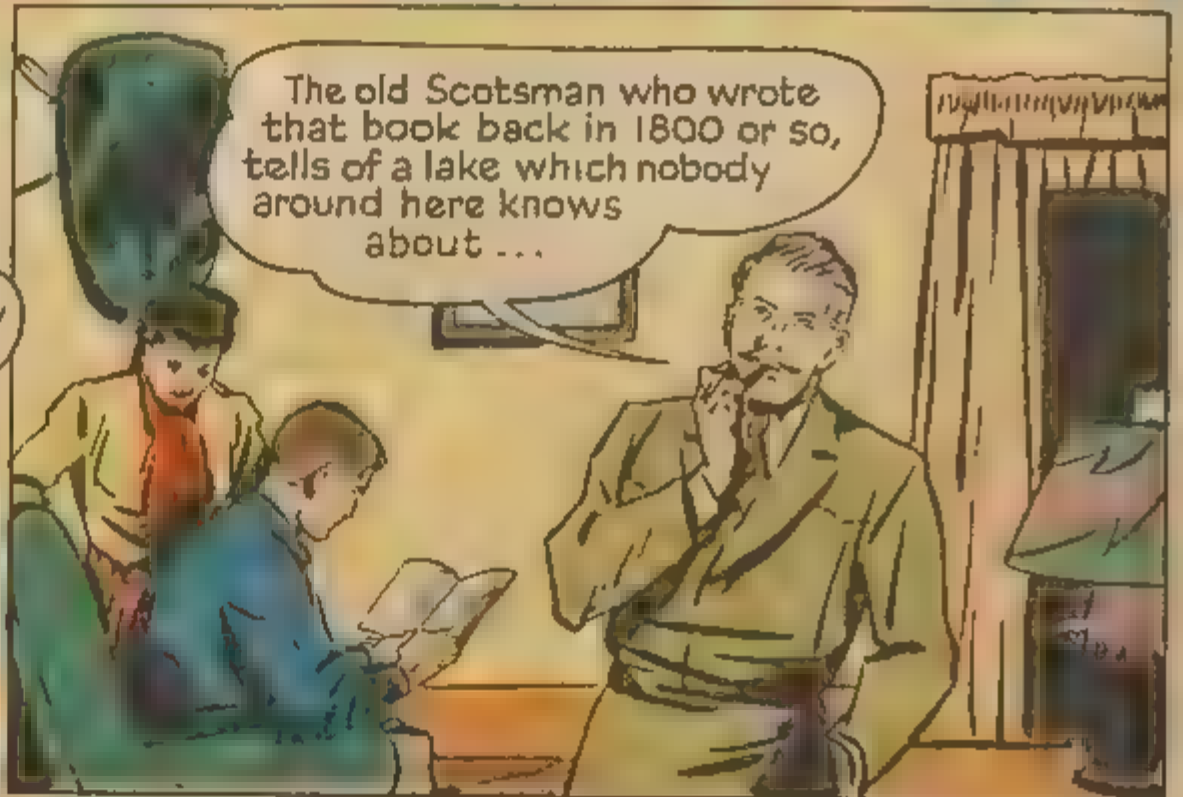
WHEN the elephants tired of waiting around, they finally left ---



AND THEN -- on to Africa! ..



AN ENGLISHMAN who had been living in Africa for some time, had a strange story to tell Osa and Martin ...



OSA and Martin set out to look for the mysterious lake...

We'll not only find your lake but we'll bring back pictures to prove we found it!

We're off!

FOR DAYS they journeyed through the dense jungles and then began to climb mountain trails...

ALONG the way Osa and Martin found many strange animals to take pictures of...

BUT the search for the mysterious lake meant a long, dangerous journey on foot, ahead!...

No, Martin!
I shall not
turn back!
I'm going to
stay right
with you!

SOMEWHERE along the way, a strange little old man appeared and asked to join the party...

Why not!
He seems to
know this country
well!

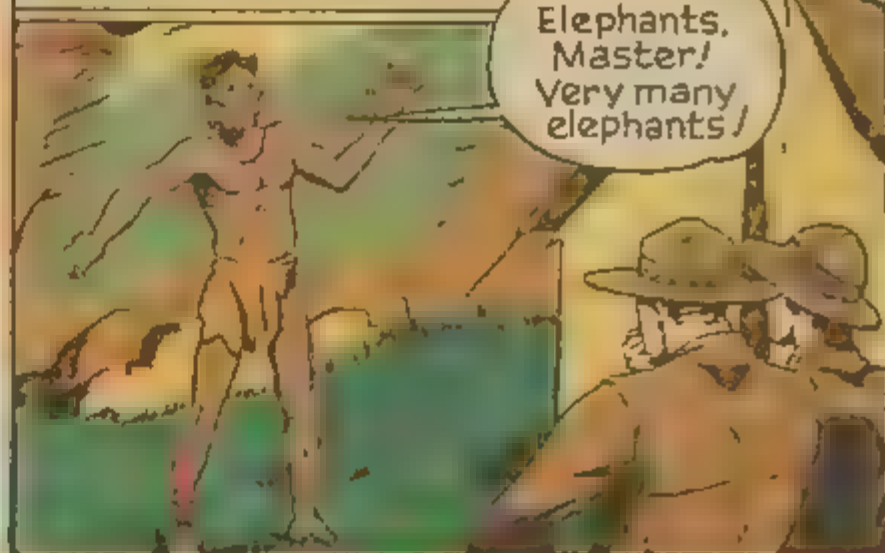
THE STRANGE old man was a very good guide - but Osa and Martin still saw no sign of the lake they were searching for ...

I wish I really knew where to go from here!



ONE DAY the old man disappeared --- He was gone from camp for five days and Osa and Martin were not sure they would ever see their little guide again... But he suddenly appeared -- out of nowhere, it seemed!

Elephants, Master! Very many elephants!



OSA and Martin decided to follow him ...

If we can get some good pictures of lots of elephants, our trip won't be wasted -- even if we don't find the lake!



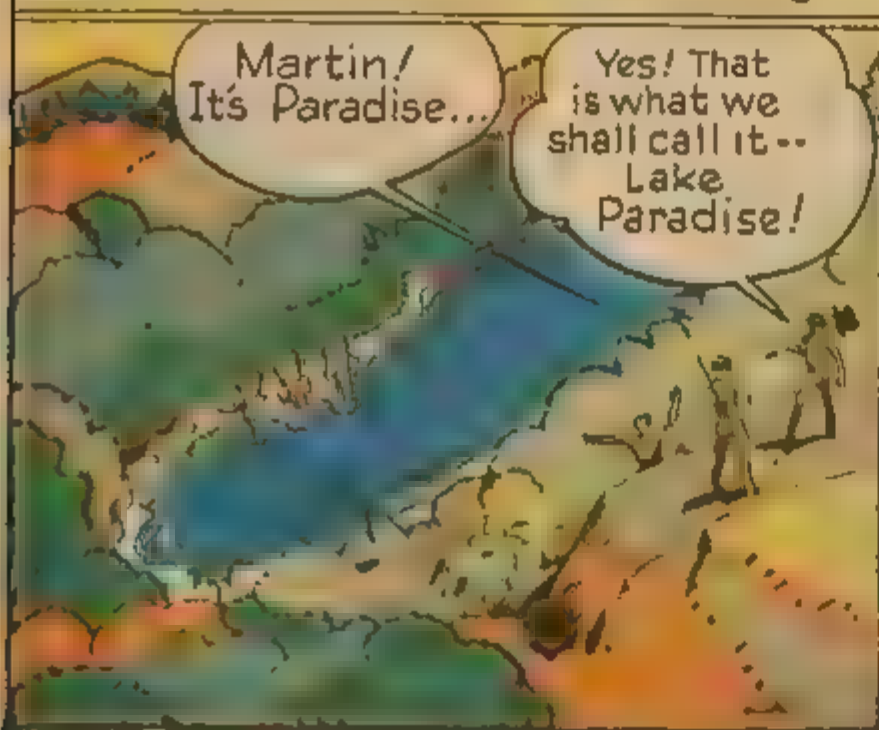
We've been climbing over this rough country for days now! Where is he leading us?



THEN ... suddenly ... without warning!

Martin!
It's Paradise...

Yes! That is what we shall call it--
Lake Paradise!



OSA and Martin later spent four years at Lake Paradise, taking pictures of their animal friends at work and play ...



HEY snapped pictures of lions ...



THEY RECORDED on movie film the actions of buffalo ...



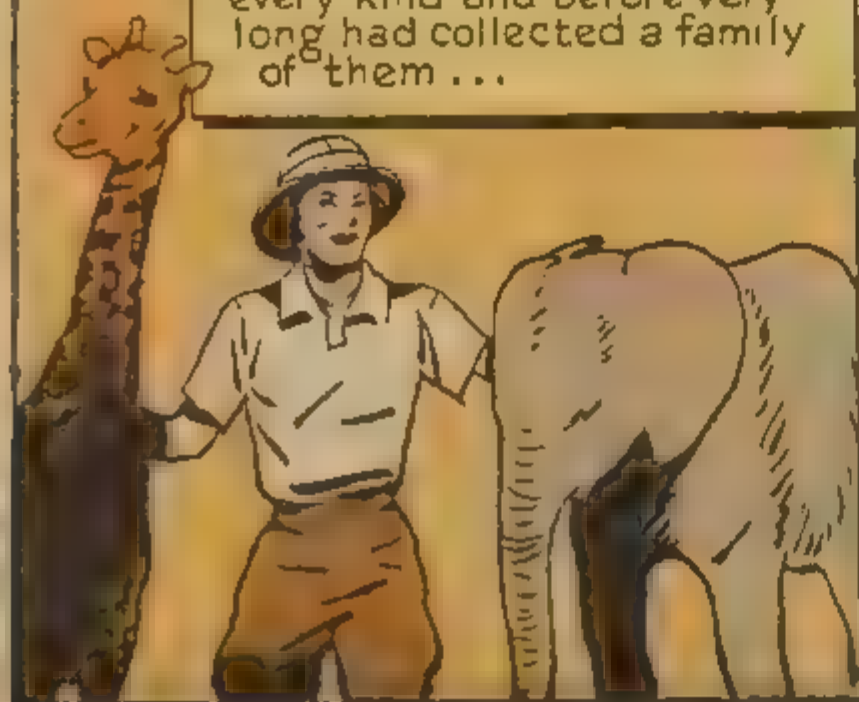
AND of rhinoceros...



...herds of giraffe, zebra, and eland!



OSA loved baby animals of every kind and before very long had collected a family of them ...



Osa Johnson has written a book, "I Married Adventure" about her many daring jungle experiences.



SPORTS GIRLS IN TS

What does it take to be a champion? Practice, more and more practice, plus courage, skill, and physical fitness

By JOHN R. TUNIS
Author of "Champions' Choice"
Photographs by Wide World

DOES it take long for a girl to become a champion?

Well, yes. And then again, no. Anne Weber, who holds just about all the feminine archery records in existence, was champion at eighteen while still a sophomore in college. Mary Ryan, national outdoor free-style swimming star, became champion at fifteen. The truth is that age has nothing to do with it. The thing that counts is the amount of application and practice which everyone must endure to reach the top. Start early and you are a champion early. Moreover, some learn faster than others. Some have quicker reflexes; some, more adaptability. But every girl to be a champion must go through drudgery.

What makes a champion? Lots of things. For instance, courage counts, so does skill, so does physical fitness. Numerous other qualities are essential. But there is one trait that is a basic element in the make-up of every champion in every sport. They all have it. That quality is persistence. No girl ever reached the top without that.

For instance, take Alice Marble, at the present writing national tennis champion in singles, doubles, and mixed. You probably think of her as tops, as the leader of her sex on the courts. Yet few realize the struggle she had to get there; and, once there, to stay put. Back in 1932 she was a first-

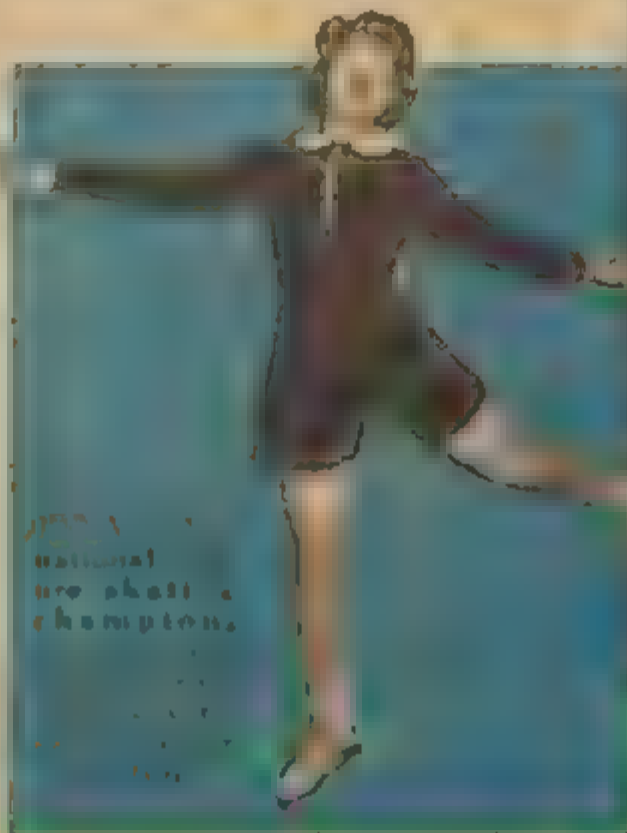
class player on the Pacific Coast. Then followed years of striving, of ups and downs, of setbacks and disappointments. They did not stop her. She had persistence. That's why she became champion.

In 1933 she represented the United States against England in the Wightman Cup matches. Apparently she had arrived. She was destined for high honors. The next season she fell ill, and had to drop out of competition for almost two years. Many felt she was through.

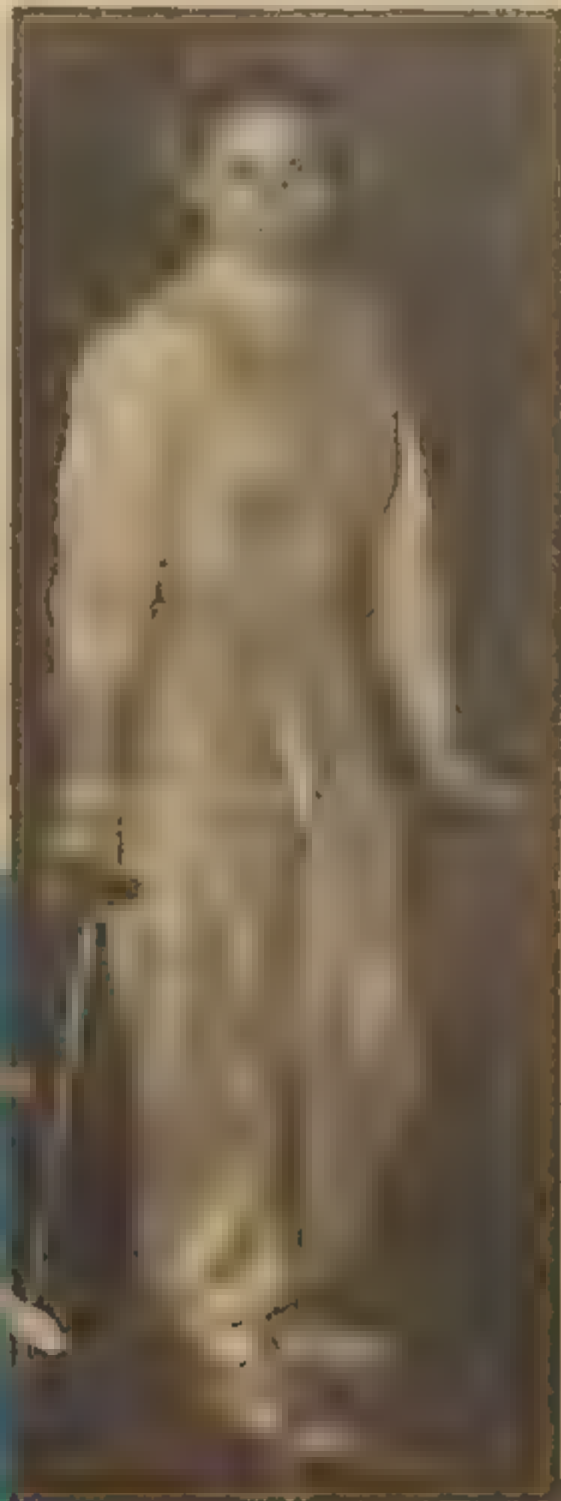
Not at all. She returned to tennis in the summer of 1936, finally defeating Helen Jacobs and winning the singles title of the United States. The 1937 season was a bad one for Alice.

She never got past the semi-finals either in our championships at Forest Hills or in the English championships played at Wimbledon.

The next year she regained her American title, but she was beaten in the semi-finals at Wimbledon. Then in 1939 she



Alice Marble, national tennis champion.



Helena Mroczkowska, while a senior at Hofstra College, won both the junior and senior national fencing titles.

finally achieved her ambition by defeating Helen Jacobs at both Wimbledon and Forest Hills, thus taking all the tennis honors in the world. It took seven years after being a first-class player, but she stuck to it and came out on top. As you must remember, Alice turned professional last winter. Who will take her place? There are three fine young players, any one of whom may win. They are Pauline Betz, of California, who came from eighth place in the 1939 ranking to third place in 1940; Helen Bernhard, of New York, who dropped back last season, and a youngster from Florida named Doris Hart. Virginia Wolfenden, of California, also made great progress last year. A girl who has persistence, who will undergo the drudgery of work and practice, will win. Which one? Hard to tell. But you can be sure

that no one without this persistence will be a champion.

Patty Berg, of Minneapolis, was only nineteen when she reached the semi-final round of the national golf championships at Memphis, Tennessee, in 1937. Against her was an older player, Estelle Page, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Mrs. Page, a remarkable golfer, had won the medal play in the tournament with a score of 78, being the only player to break 80. In the finals she swamped her younger opponent, 7 and 6 over 36 holes. Which is what you might call a licking.

Was Patty discouraged? Not

a bit. She kept working, training, practicing for the next summer. In 1938 the championships were held at the Westmoreland Country Club, in Wilmette, Illinois, with Mrs. Page a favorite. Once more they met in the finals. This time Patty, still an undergraduate at the University of Minnesota, beat her adversary as badly as she herself had been beaten.

Unfortunately Patty Berg has never played as an amateur again. Two weeks before the 1939 championships she had an attack of appendicitis. She was out of play all summer, and last year turned professional and was unable to play in the amateur championships. The title was won for the second time by Betty Jameson, of San Antonio, Texas.

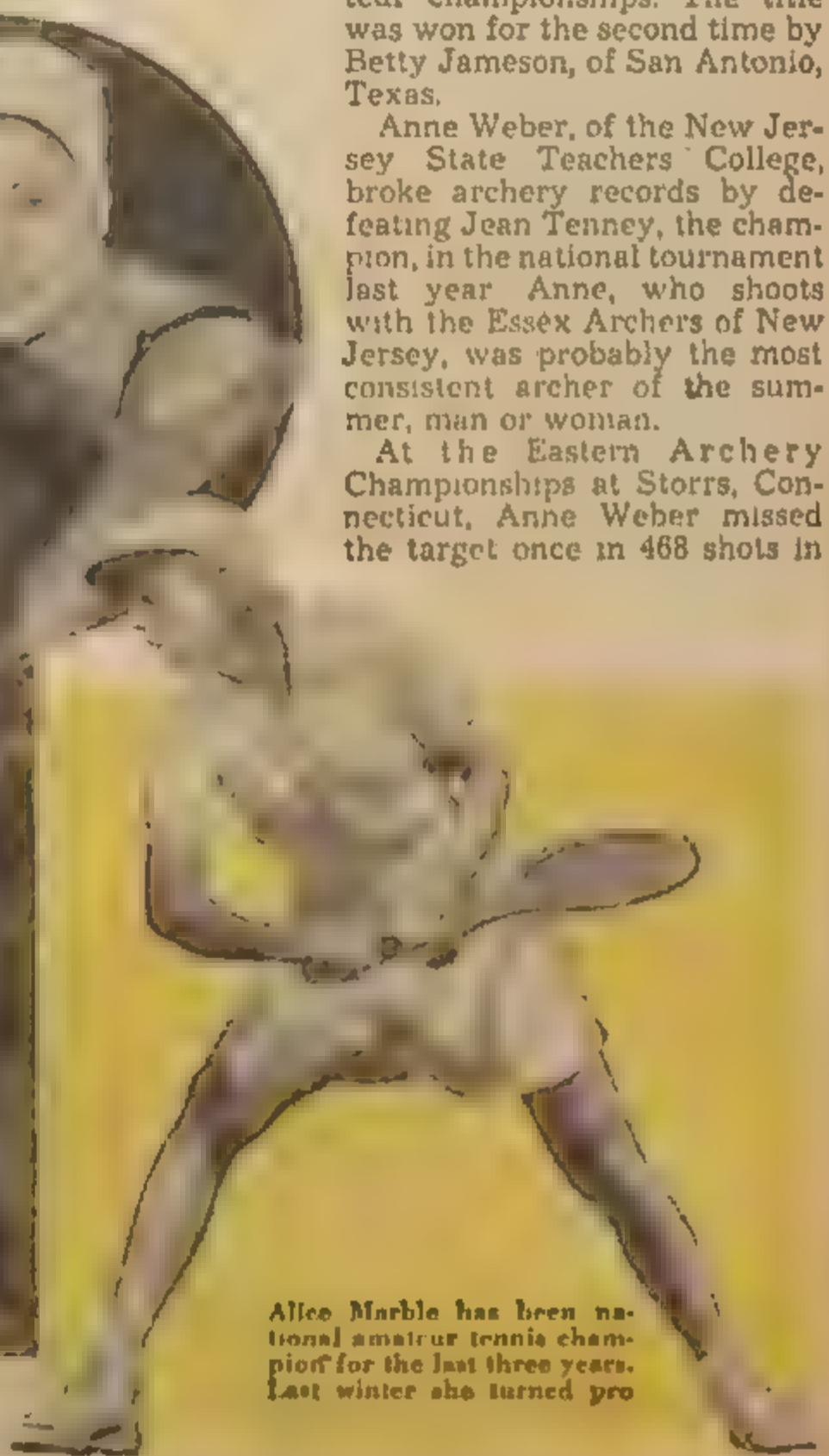
Anne Weber, of the New Jersey State Teachers' College, broke archery records by defeating Jean Tenney, the champion, in the national tournament last year. Anne, who shoots with the Essex Archers of New Jersey, was probably the most consistent archer of the summer, man or woman.

At the Eastern Archery Championships at Storrs, Connecticut, Anne Weber missed the target once in 468 shots in

Gloria Callen holds both the national indoor and outdoor backstroke titles



Patty Berg was a twenty-year-old student at the University of Minnesota when she won the national golf championship. Here she holds one of her trophies



Alice Marble has been national amateur tennis champion for the last three years. Last winter she turned pro

three days! That's shooting. She scored 143 hits out of a possible 144, and made 965 points compared with her own former record of 932, and the national record of 939. You see the record, you see her picture in the Sunday rotogravure section. What you don't see are the hours and hours of practice, the sacrifices to keep at it when other girls were having a good time with their friends.

Even with persistence and the most intense discipline, there are few sports in which one can reach the top in four or five years. Luckily those few are all played by women. Skating requires years of work and effort, so does tennis, so does golf. But in some sports, table tennis, badminton, archery, and perhaps fencing, champions have emerged in shorter time, thanks to persistence and concentrated practice. Thus Helen Mroczkowska, of New York, became national woman's fencing champion almost overnight.

This girl was a senior in Hofstra College, Long Island, and ranked ninth in national fencing circles. She had been fencing only four years when in 1940 she entered the junior and senior fencing events. By winning both, she became the only swordswoman in history ever to accomplish this feat. In the

finals she lost but a single bout, to Mildred Stewart, one of the coaches at Hofstra, who finished third in the championships.

Possibly the most remarkable athletic achievement of last year was performed by a fifteen-year-old swimmer, Mary Ryan, of Louisville, Kentucky. This young girl sprang to fame by winning three national outdoor free-style titles, all in record time. She slashed the long-course records for 440 yards (a quarter of a mile), 880 yards (half a mile), and the mile which she won in less than 24 minutes. Just try swimming a mile under half an hour and see how you feel at the end. Another fifteen-year-old girl, Gloria Callen, of Nyack, New York, won both national indoor and outdoor backstroke championships, breaking records.

The same season Evelyn Boldrick, of California, helped her state clean up all the national badminton titles. Every title in men's and women's events went to a Californian. Out at Sun Valley, Marilyn Shaw, a fifteen-year-old high school student from Stowe, Vermont, outclassed all rivals in the slalom and downhill ski events which make up the women's championships. She is the youngest skier ever to accomplish this feat. Small, wearing

glasses, she also led a team of women from the United States over a team of Canadians at Mount Tremblant, Canada.

Can women hold their own in competition with men? Certainly not, in most sports. There are at least a hundred men players in the United States who could defeat Alice Marble, and twice that number who could beat Patty Berg. But there are sports in which women excel. In 1940, a girl won the National Amateur Athletic Union senior "four-man" bobsled racing title on the Mt. Hoevenberg Run at Lake Placid. She was Katherine Dewey, who set a precedent when she piloted her team, the Sno Birds, composed of herself and three men, to victory.

One and all, these champions became champions because they had persistence. They were willing to undergo the discipline of sport, that discipline which means practice and still more practice. Fun? No, practice is seldom fun. It's drudgery. Jane Vaughn, national figure skating champion, expressed it recently when, on the eve of her marriage, she was asked if she would defend her title next year.

"No," she replied, "from now on I intend to skate only for fun."



Fencer Helen Mroczkowska is the only woman in history to win both the junior and senior titles in a year.

Evelyn Boldrick is the national women's badminton champion in her state and the national champion in 1940.



Joan Leslie, who will be seen starring with Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York," practices what this article preaches

Make The Most Of YOUR LOOKS

By NELL GILES

Author of
"Susan, Be Smooth!"

HELLO! It certainly is fun to be right here in the pages of your new magazine and, what's more, to be asked to tell you how you can be smooth!

Being smooth is just that little trick of knowing how to make the most of yourself—and we can all learn it just as we can learn to swim.

It may be that you have some handicaps to start with—everyone we've ever heard about has—but you also have some good points which you may not be playing up for all they're worth.

Do you think that freckles and red hair will keep you from being smooth? Far from it. Movie stars like Myrna Loy think they're good points, and play them up by wearing a lot of white, very pale pink, and light green.

Do you think it takes a "pretty" face to make a smooth girl? Quite wrong you are. The girl who is not just pretty takes more pains to develop a personality. If you take a good look, you'll find that the most popular girls are seldom the prettiest. They are the girls who know how to make the most of their looks—the girls whose hair looks shining as satin because it has been brushed every night—whose skin looks really clean because they have no bumps and blackheads, and because they eat fruit and drink milk and get exercise and fresh air every day. Good skin, they have found out, comes from good health and soap and water.

But there are two or three

other little beauty tips they know that I want to pass on to you, because summer is the best time of the year to work on yourself. You have no lessons to take your mind off the subject, and you can do this homework out of doors.

First of all, before you start improving yourself, it is a good idea to make a list of what needs improving. If you are too fat, or too bony and thin, write it down. If your skin could stand a little smoothing up, make a note of it. If your hair looks like old straw, you'd better admit it on paper.

Now you know what has to be done. And you might as well face it; the smoothing process won't be too easy, but it will be well worth the effort. Before the end of summer probably a lot more people will be seeking you.

If your skin is the creamy kind, you can just pass up this tip on how to get it that way. But if your nose and chin and forehead disgrace you with blackheads or bumps, try this during the summer months: Every night wash your face with a complexion brush and a very mild soap, rinse it with warm and then cool and then cold water, and pat it dry with a towel. A complexion brush, as you probably know, is just like a hand brush or a fingernail brush, except that the shape is usually rounder and fatter and the bristles are softer. First dip the brush in hot water, then rub on it a little soap, and very gently go over your face in little circles. The main thing is not to scrub, but to brush, very lightly, in circles, your nose, forehead, and chin; this loosens the dirt that has made the blackheads. Never pick at a bump or a blackhead. Picking only makes it worse.

Of course, I might remind you not to use this complexion brush method of cleaning your skin if your skin is red and tender from sunburn. I might remind you, too, that no amount of surface cleaning will do the work all by itself, 'if you don't give the brush a little help from the inside! Every other time you want to buy a candy bar, eat an apple, instead.

Well, there are other brushes that will help your good looks, too—a hairbrush, for instance. Do you own your own, or is there a sort of family hairbrush at your house, or first come, first served? We've known it to happen in the best of families, but that doesn't make it right. Would you let the whole family use your toothbrush? Well, a hairbrush is just as personal.

It is best to get an inexpensive hairbrush and change it oftener. You see, if you are the proud possessor of a very fancy brush, you're apt to use it until the bristles are about as peppy as a dead fish.

You know how dirty your face gets in a day. Well, your hair picks up just as much dirt as your face does. Dust sticks to each hair and must be brushed off. Every night and every morn-

ing, madam, polish up your beautiful locks with a good fifty strokes! Begin by pinning a towel around your shoulders. That may sound crazy, but you know those bumps you sometimes have on your back? Very often they begin from an innocent little piece of dandruff which falls from your hair.

Well, then, here you are, fresh out of the tub, waiting to begin the routine which will do the most for your hair. Hold your brush firmly; don't let it turn in your hand. Hold it the way you hold your tennis racquet. First go all around the hairline, including the back of your head. Then go over every inch of scalp. No fuzzy halfway business, but long, sweeping strokes with some pep in them. See the shine? You can keep it there.

When you are trying to figure out a new hair style that will knock everybody cold with envy, use your brush instead of your comb to help you. You can actually brush your hair into

a better shape than you could ever get with a comb.

In the Brush family there are also a Toothbrush and a Clothesbrush. Nice people to know, good friends. They'll stick by you and help to make a smooth sub-deb of you. They only need to be used.

But, you say by this time, what you've told us is so simple. You've said that being smooth is just being clean and neat and keeping brushed. That's right. The most popular girl in town knows the secret of soap and water. There are no fancy tricks in being smooth. You just have to do these simple things, but keep doing them!

Tell us what is your greatest problem in being smooth. As many as possible will be answered in the next issue of this magazine. Address your letters to The Make-the-Most-of-Your-Looks Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. .



Fifteen-year-old Gale Storm, recently seen in "Tom Brown's School Days," is shown wearing the new hair-do—especially good for going without a hat

AIR HOSTESS

No. 1



Judy Wing

Popular
High School
Senior

Judy was a leader in sports



Judy leads
the way



Going to the
lake, Judy?

Let's go
swimming,
Gang!



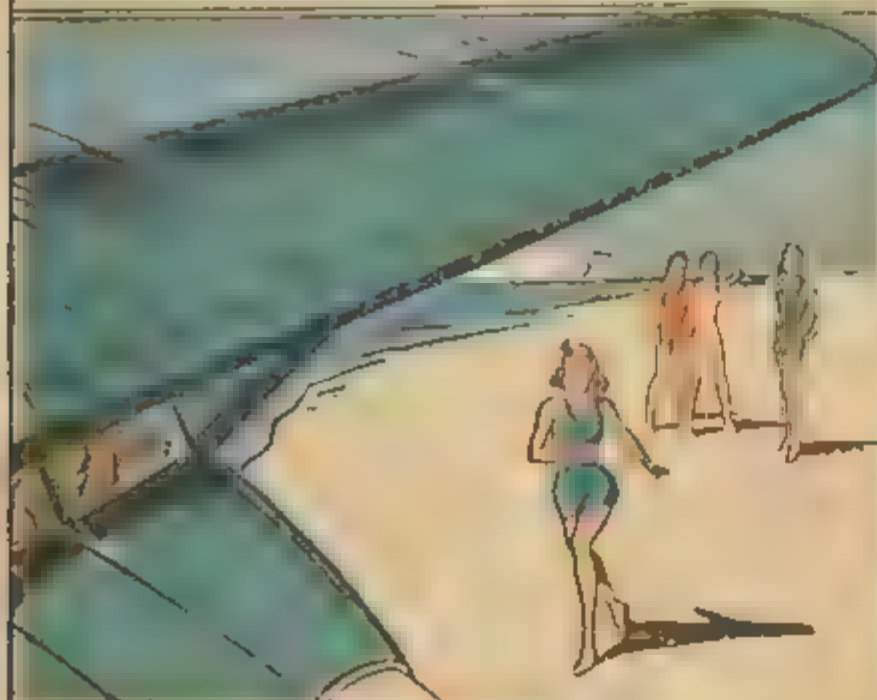
I'd rather
fly than
anything else
in the world!



He's going
to CRASH!

LOOK
OUT!
Judy!

The strange plane landed safely, but then, as the wheels sank in the soft sand, it nosed over.



It's an army officer, and he's *HURT*!



These bandages are home made but they'll do for first-aid.



Captain Phelps of the United States Air Force, on leave of absence.

You'd better take it easy, Captain!



Thanks, Judy Wing. How can I repay you for all you've done?

I'd love a ride in a plane, Captain Phelps!



A week later, at the local airport.

And *this* time I won't run out of gas!

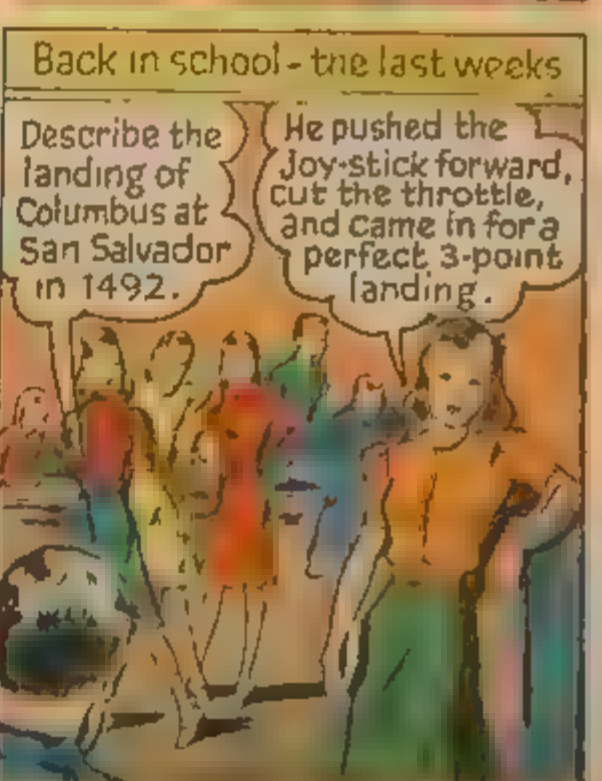
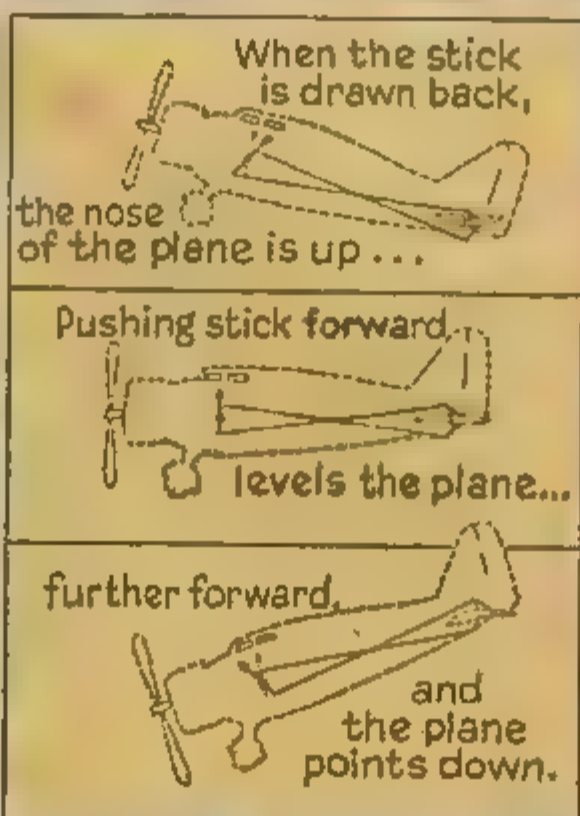
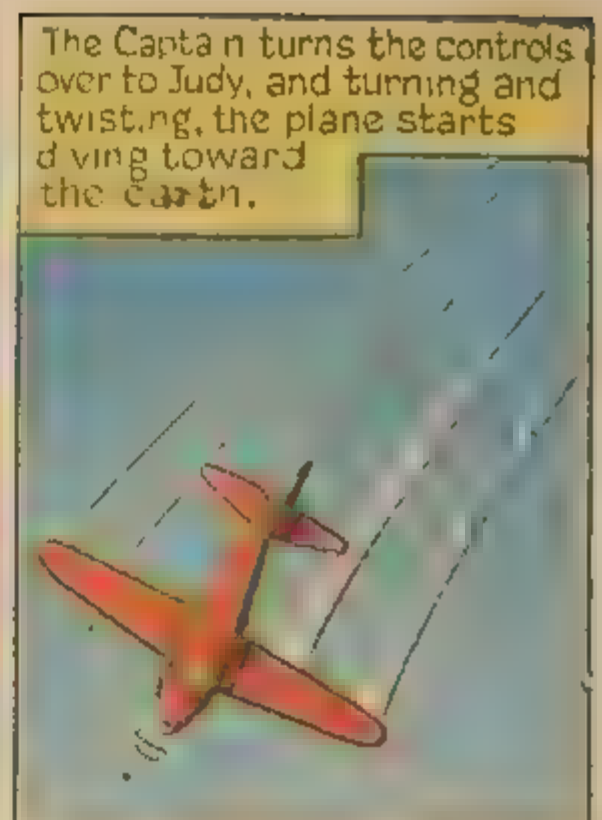
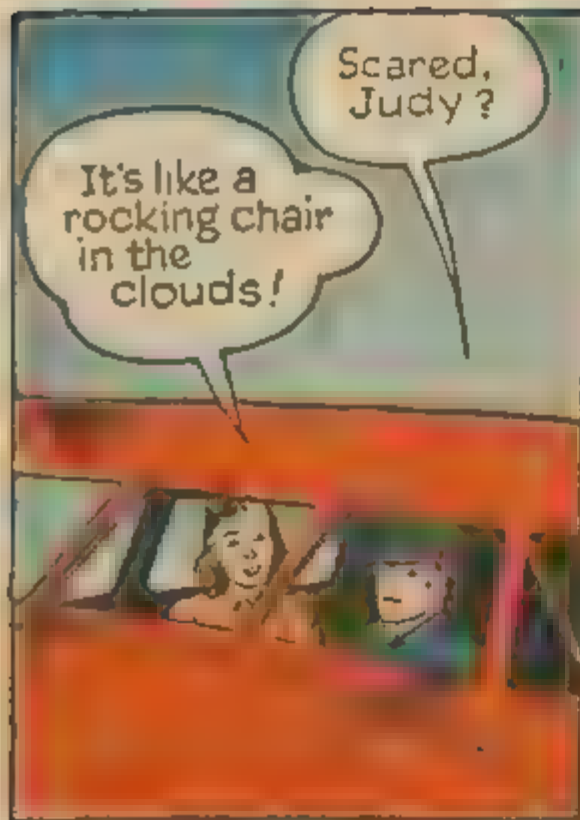
I hope!
I hope!

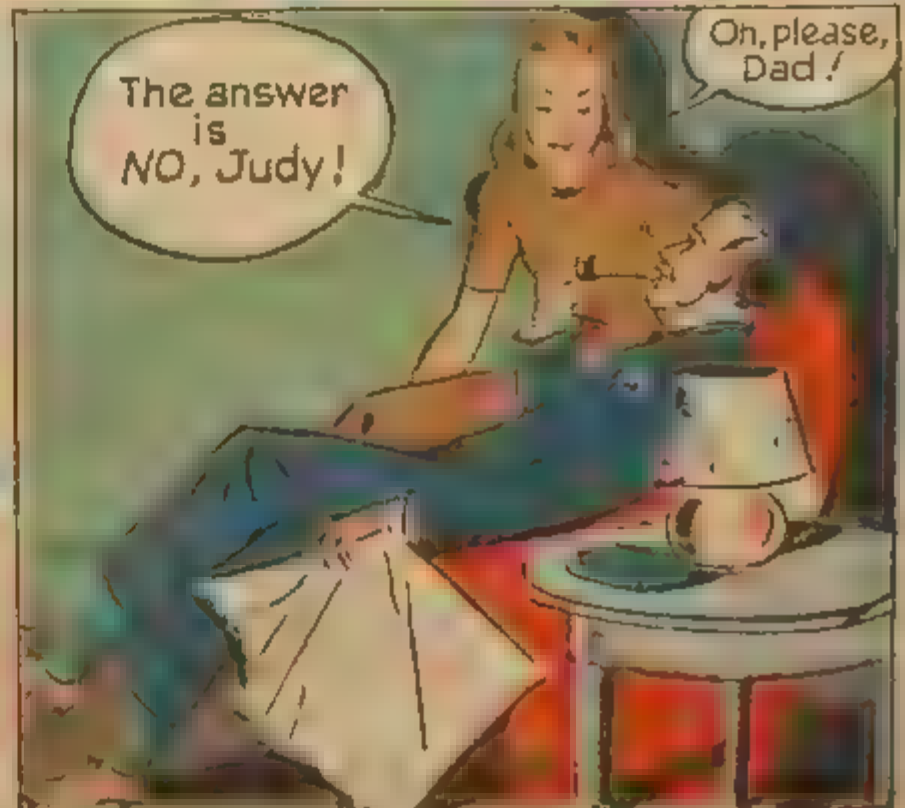
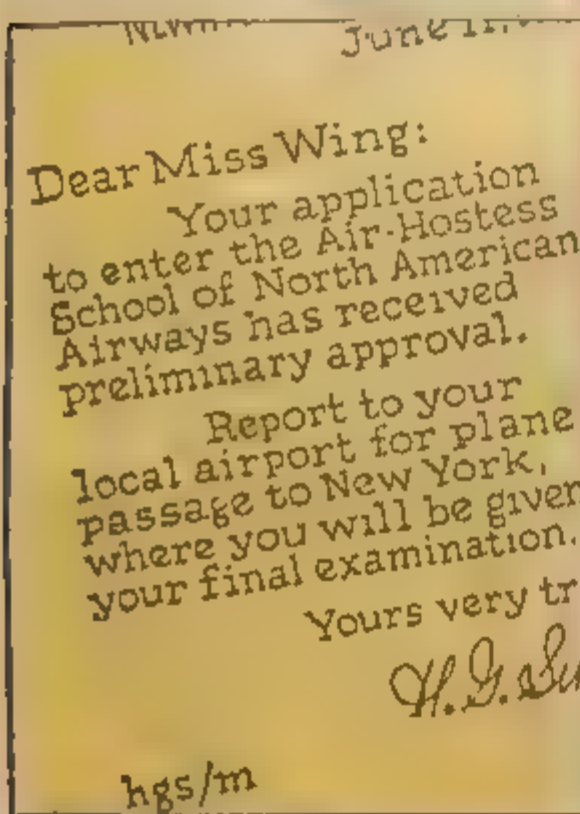
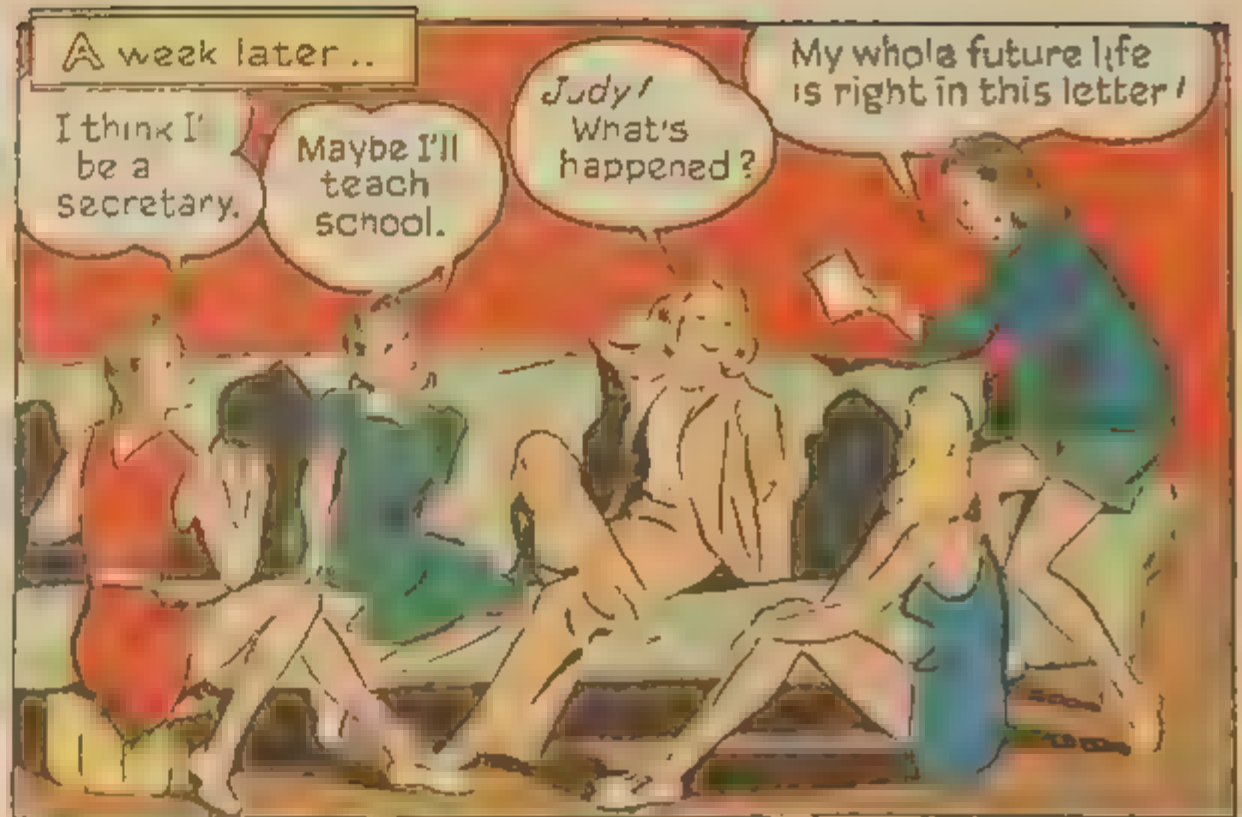


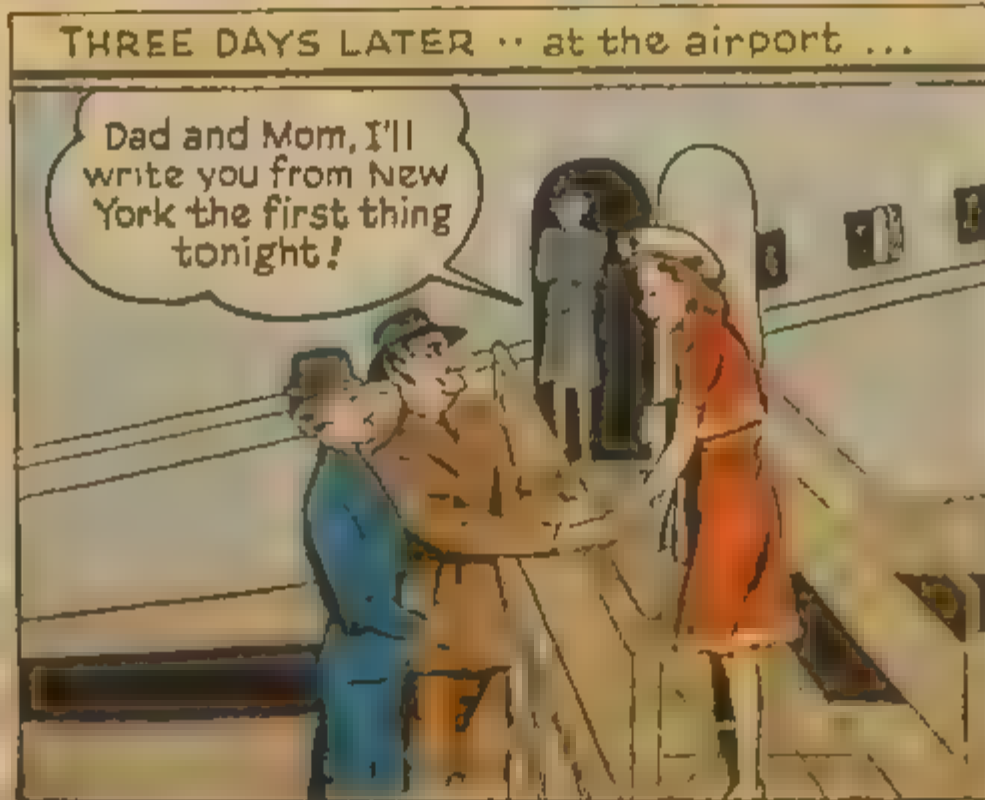
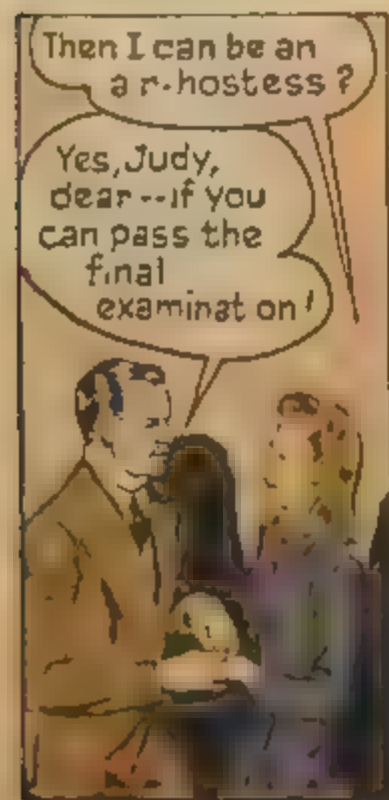
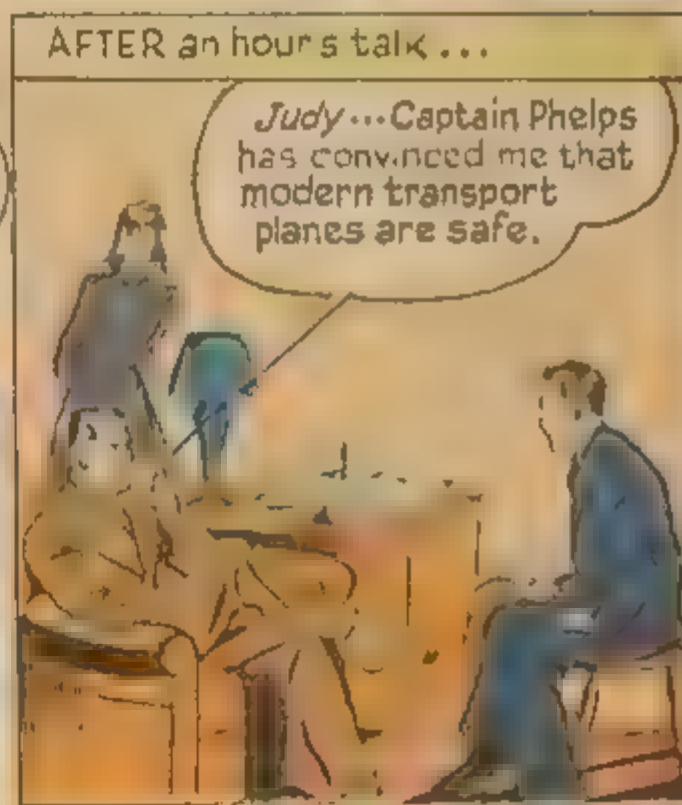
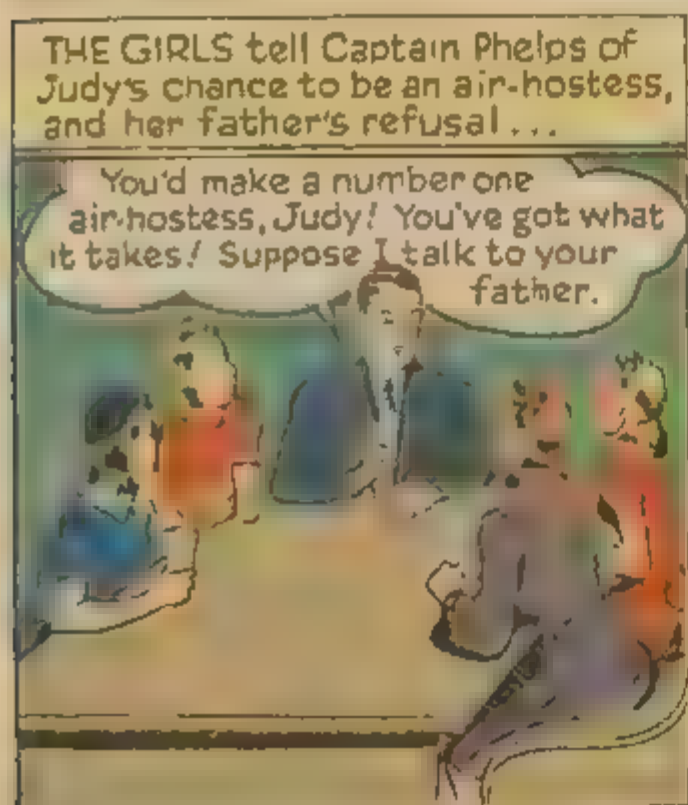
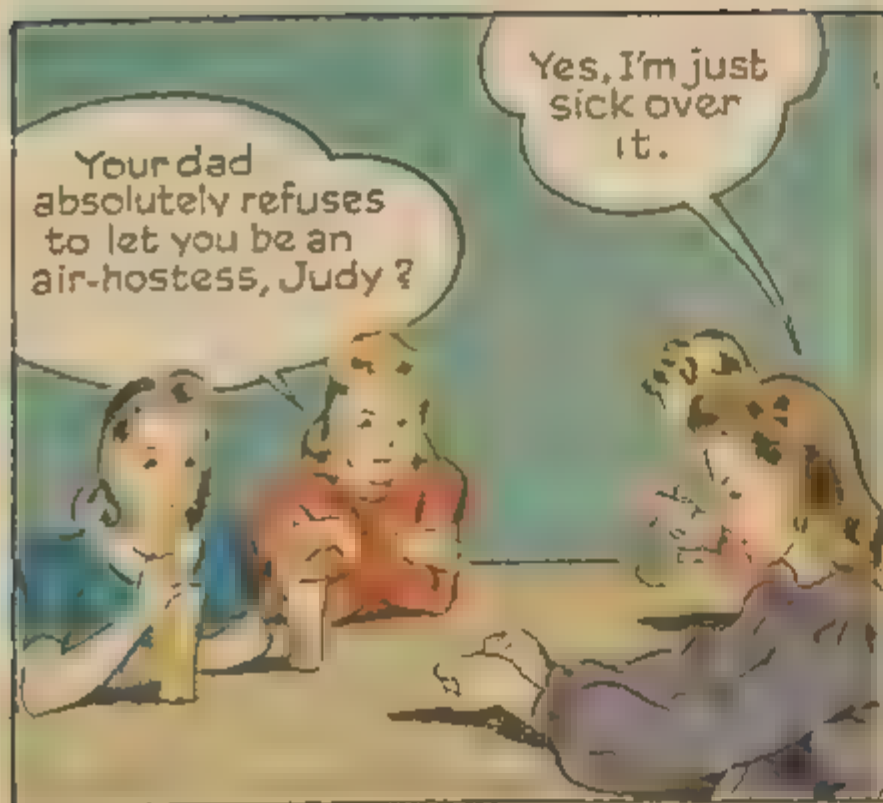
We're going only 120 miles an hour.

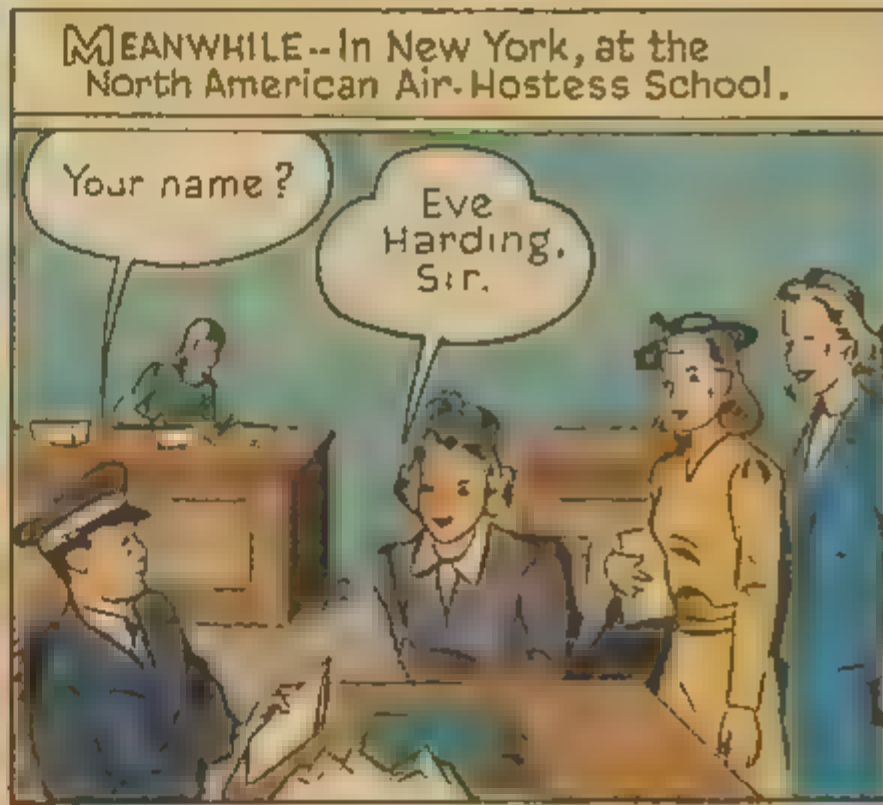
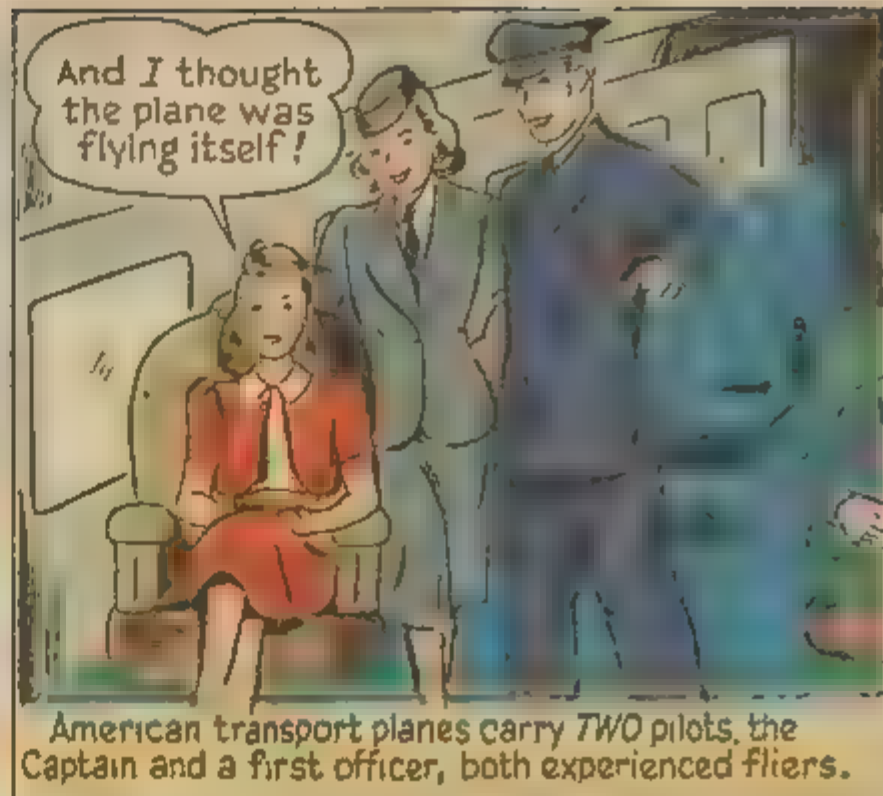
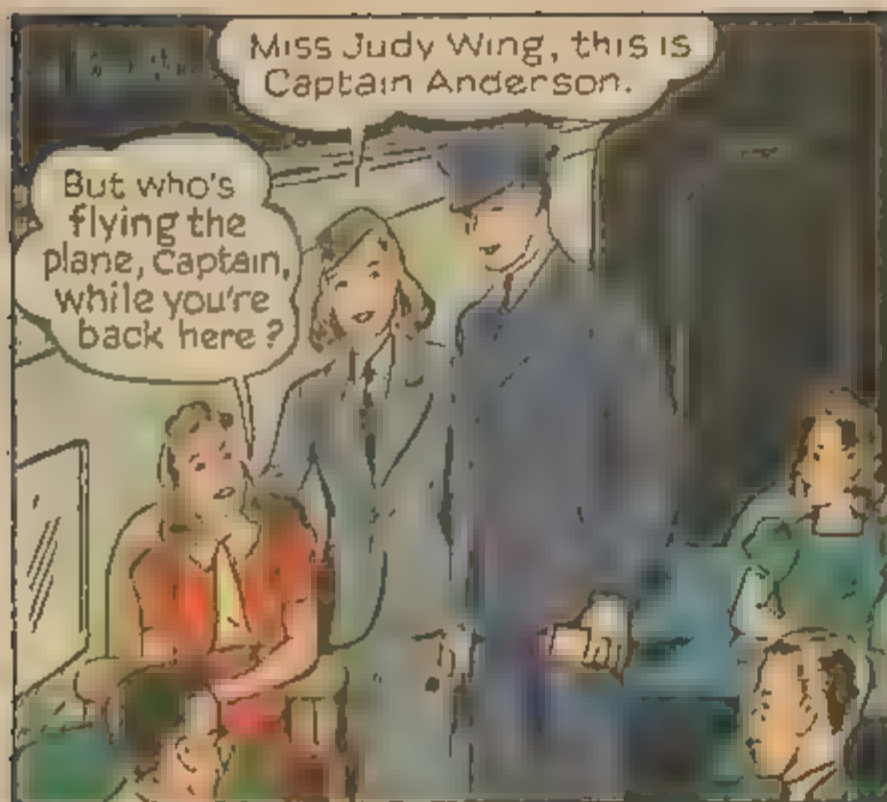
Positively crawling!

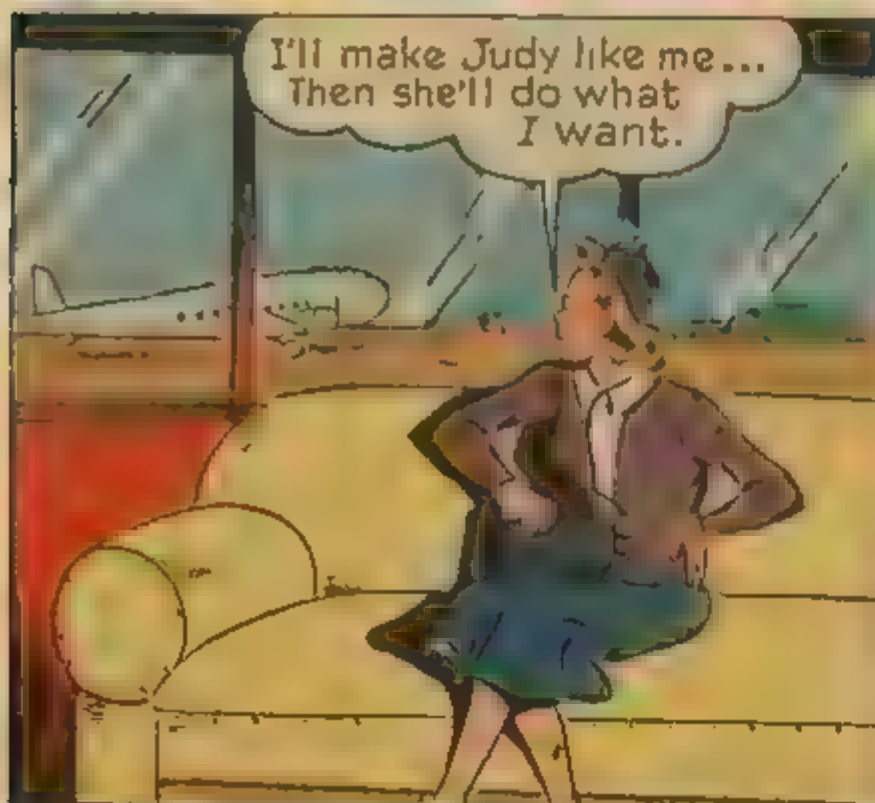
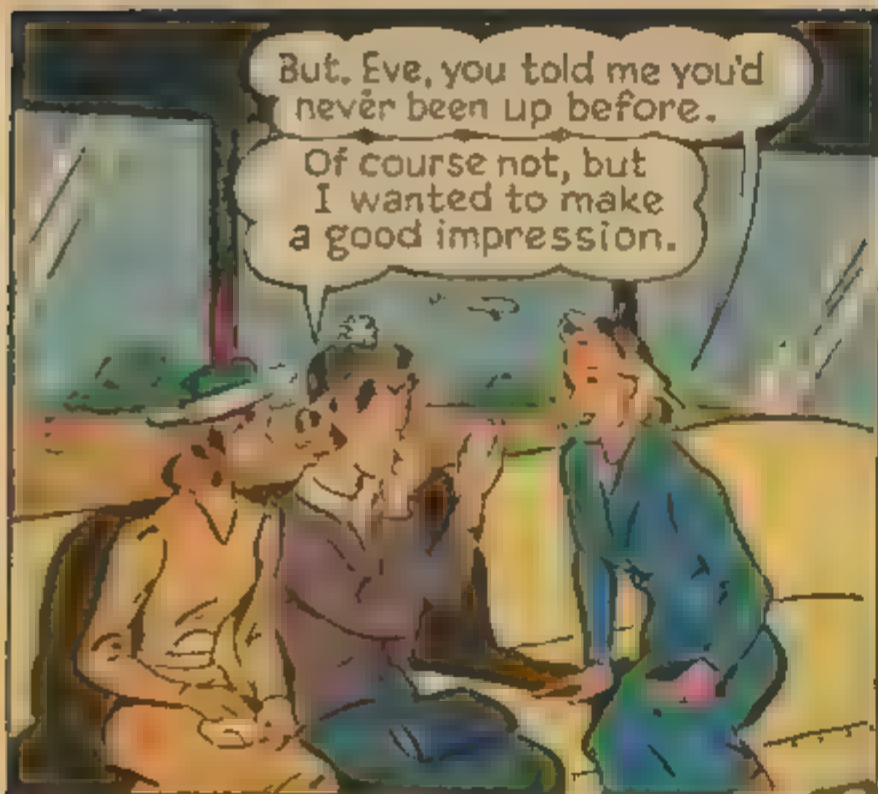












Judy had better watch her step with Eve!

See the next issue of

Calling ANGELS!

for the further story of Judy Wing's adventures on her way to become

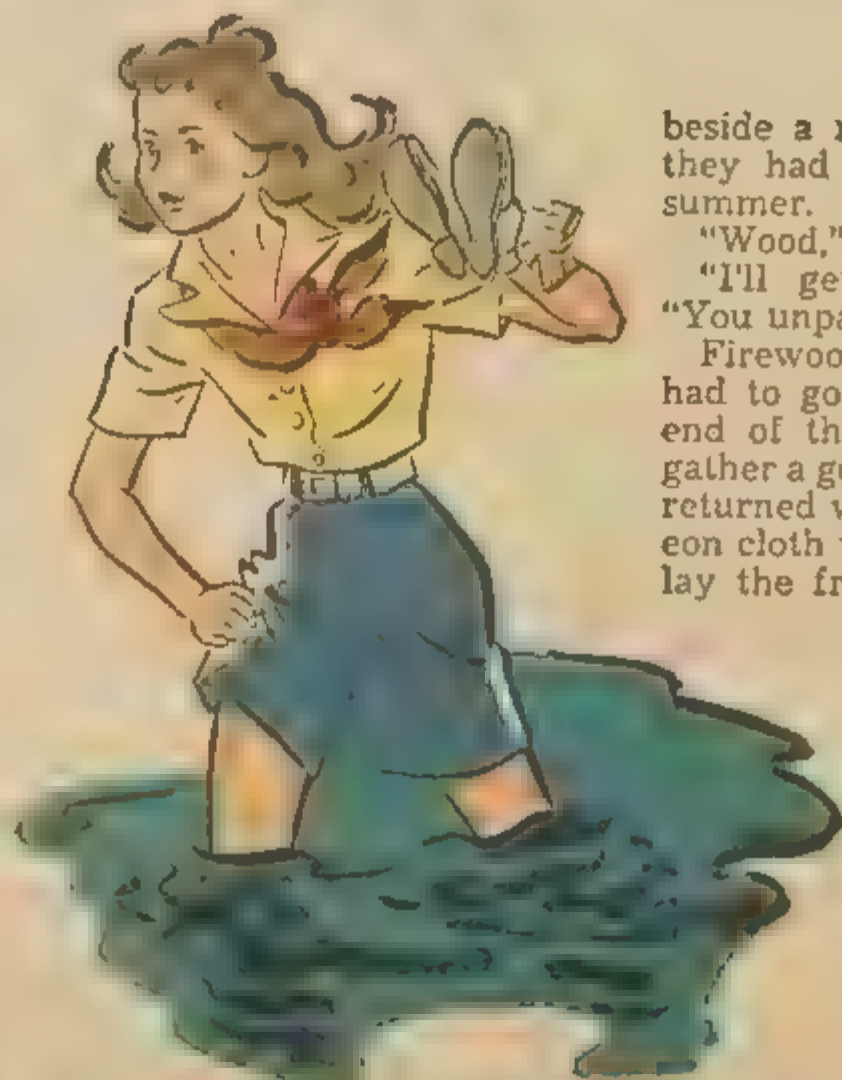
AIR HOSTESS NO. 1

BLAME THE WIND!

When she rescued Jeff from the island, Barbara proved him wrong in turning up his nose at girls as sailors

By

RUSSELL GORDON CARTER



The next moment Barbara was in the water, wading toward the red canoe

AS THE bow of the heavy, flat-bottomed rowboat scraped the shore of Birch Island, Barbara Firth rested on her oars. She cast another longing glance at the trim red sailing canoe making its way slowly through the narrow stretch of water between Little Lake and Great Heron Lake to the north.

"If only he would let me sail it!" she thought. "Just once..."

"It's no use your looking and wishing, Barbara," Enid Verrill said with an emphatic shake of her blonde curls. "I guess I know my brother! He says he never yet saw a girl who could manage a sailing canoe."

"Well, I can," Barbara began.

"Yes, maybe you can," Enid agreed, "but it wouldn't do any good to tell Jeff. Only last night I asked him again if he would just take us out with him, but he just shook his head and told me not to bother him. I suppose he thinks he's grown up—just because he's a little older than we are. Anyway, if he should ever let anybody sail his precious canoe, I'd think the world was coming to an end."

Barbara pulled in the oars and, with a little laugh, lifted the picnic basket. As she stepped ashore with it, the canoe with its flashing sail was just disappearing around a

wounded point. Jeff Verrill, in white ducks and white jersey, was sprawled comfortably in the stern, one sun-browned arm thrown lazily over the paddle with which he was steering.

"Independent!" thought Barbara. That was the trouble with Jeff Verrill. He had been like that since the day the Verrill family had taken a cottage near the Firths at the southern end of Little Lake—not interested in anything except to go off alone every day in his canoe.

It was a bright cool morning in mid-July, just the kind of day for a picnic, and Birch Island was an ideal spot for it. In the blue shade of the thick-growing birches you could broil frankfurters and toast marshmallows and feel that you were utterly alone in a beautiful and enchanting world.

Enid followed Barbara up the shore, laden with an old steamer rug and a luncheon cloth reserved for picnics. The two girls halted and laid their burdens

beside a rough stone fireplace they had built earlier in the summer.

"Wood," said Enid.

"I'll get it," said Barbara. "You unpack."

Firewood was scarce, and she had to go almost to the other end of the island in order to gather a good armful. When she returned with it, the old luncheon cloth was spread out. On it lay the frankfurters and their

long, buttered rolls, a bag of potato chips, a jar of mustard, a bottle of pickles, and a box of marshmallows together with long-handled forks, and paper plates.

"M m m!" exclaimed Barbara as she set about laying a fire in an experienced way. "Am I hungry?" "Starved!" added Enid. "Think we brought enough food?"

"Plenty. Enough for four!" Barbara shredded some birch bark and pushed it under the twigs and branches. "Hand me the matches, please."

Enid looked at her blankly, mouth open and blue eyes wide.

"Matches?" she repeated in a quavering voice. "I thought you..."

Barbara jumped to her feet. "Enid! Do you mean..."

Enid swallowed hard. "I—I thought you said you had the matches..."

Barbara's eyes were dark and accusing. "I told you to be sure and get matches, and you said..."

Enid moistened her lips and gazed unhappily at her fingernails. "Honest, Barbara. I thought you had them! I—I remember now you told me to get them, but—but..."

Barbara threw her arms wide and looked at the sky.

"Well," she said at last, "we can't broil hot dogs without a

fire, and we can't start a fire without matches!"

Enid said: "I'll go back. It won't take long. I'm awfully sorry, Barbara!"

Barbara laughed. "It's all right. I don't mind going back for them, myself' . . ."

"No, I'll go!" And Enid ran to the boat and pushed off.

Barbara went in search of more wood and then sat down on the steamer rug and leaned her head against a friendly birch. She closed her eyes. It was nice to close your eyes and feel the cool breeze stroke your face. It was nice to sit there and think of pleasant things. Suppose, for example, Jeff Verrill should come back through the Narrows and shout: "Hi, Barbara! want to go for a sail?"

She smiled. A thing like that

rows. Suddenly she caught her breath. Did dreams come true? Only a few moments ago she had been wishing Jeff would return and ask her to go sailing with him, and now here was the canoe coming slowly toward the island! But what was the matter with it? Why was the sail fluttering and flapping round the mast? And where

right into it; and it was empty except for a paddle lying in the bottom. Where was Jeff? What, oh, what had happened? With heart pounding, she shaded her eyes and peered down the lake, hoping to see Enid returning in the rowboat, but there was no sign of her.

Meanwhile the wind was driving the canoe nearer and nearer the island. Something seemed to be clutching Barbara's throat. It was impossible to take a deep breath.

After a few moments she got hold of herself. It was silly to be scared! Jeff knew how to take care of himself. Perhaps he had fallen overboard out there in the big lake and the wind had carried the canoe away from him. But he was an excellent swimmer!



"Matches?" Enid said in a quavering voice. "I thought..." Barbara looked accusing. "I told you to bring them!"

could happen! Not likely, of course; but possible! She remembered the fun she had had last summer on Lake Champlain, sailing with her Uncle Frank. Her uncle not only liked to have her go out with him in the canoe, he also taught her how to sail it. Now if Jeff would only be sensible—and a little more friendly—and generous...

The sound of slapping water made her open her eyes quickly and peer toward the Nar-

was Jeff? He must be lying in the bottom. She had seen him do that sometimes when there wasn't much wind and the canoe was well away from land. But now there was a rather stiff breeze, and before long the craft would drive against the rocks a short distance below her, at the water's edge.

She jumped to her feet and ran down to the shore. No, the canoe was empty! As the wind set it to rocking, she could see

There was nothing to be scared about, really. The sensible thing was to catch the canoe.

She tore off her mocassins and her yellow socks. The next moment she was in the water, wading toward the gliding canoe. Now she was up to her knees, her shoes and socks held high, her gay scarf flapping in the wind, her brown hair streaming. Onward, nearer and nearer, came the canoe, rocking and pitching. She made a lunge at



By clever tacking, Barbara managed to bring the canoe against the wind up to the island

the bow and missed. She lunged again, but the wind pushed the craft sidewise. She staggered forward until the water splashed about the bottoms of her shorts. Then a final desperate lunge—and this time her fingers closed on the trail-

ing sheet. A moment later she had hold of the gunwale.

She dragged the canoe inshore until the side-boards almost touched bottom. Then she scrambled into it and seized the paddle. Kneeling in the stern, she plied it skillfully, as her

uncle had taught her, and the light craft leaped ahead. Soon she was in the Narrows.

As the canoe rounded the wooded point, the full sweep of the wind from the big lake caught it and threatened to drive it on the rocks, but Barbara was ready. Bracing the paddle under her arm, she pulled the sheet taut, and the

next moment she was speeding up the lake, the water swishing along the rail, the little wave crests smacking against the flashing bow. Somehow she forgot about the thrill of sailing as she looked for Jeff. She peered anxiously to right and left and squinted ahead under the tugging sail, but the lake appeared to be a wide unbroken expanse, blue as the warm cobalt sky overhead. There were no other boats, no sign of life anywhere.

Panic threatened her again, but she fought it off. There was no sense in letting herself be frightened.

What was that — over there on that little island to the west? Had she seen a momentary flash of white against the dark foliage? She waited with lips parted; but the flash of white—if she had really seen it—did not appear again. She frowned thoughtfully. Could her imagination have played her a trick? She decided to have a closer view of the island.

It lay almost directly to windward, but that made no difference. Her uncle had taught her how to sail against the wind. Letting the sheet go loose, she swung the canoe about and then began to tack, a long run toward the northwest, then a shorter run toward the southwest, then another long run toward the northwest—nearer and nearer the island until at last she was within a stone's throw of the shore.

Yes, it must have been just her excited imagination that made her think she saw something white. The island seemed deserted. She was preparing to go about again when she heard a shout. Jerking her head around, she saw a tall boy in a white jersey and white ducks just emerging from behind the trunk of an old willow—Jeff.

"Hi, toots!" he called, but his voice sounded curiously faint and hesitant.

"Hello!" she answered him.

He was smiling as he made his way down to the edge of the water.

"Rescue party, eh?" he said.

"Yes," she replied. "How'd you ever let the canoe get away

from you? I thought maybe you had fallen overboard or something!"

Jeff shrugged his shoulders.

"Blame the wind!" he said. "I landed here to look at some baby owls in a hollow tree. Like a landlubber, I didn't bother to tie up the ship. I was only going for a short time so I took a chance. But the wind changed, and when I came out of the woods, there was the canoe off on its own! Boy! Was I disgusted! I watched it scrape against the rocks—and then disappear through the Narrows. Know who I felt like? Robinson Crusoe!"

Barbara laughed as she paddled inshore.

"Thanks for the rescue," Jeff said, wading out and catching hold of the bow. "Just what I needed."

Barbara gave him a long, appraising look.

"You didn't seem so keen about being rescued," she said. "I saw something white on this island when I was way out there on the lake. It disappeared almost at once, and I didn't see it again. But it must have been you and of course you must have seen me. You couldn't help seeing the canoe! If you really felt like Robinson Crusoe, why didn't you hang a handkerchief on a stick or something? Why did you hide?"

"Hide? Did I hide? Well—er—you see . . ." Suddenly he began to laugh, and his face was really red. "Oh, what the heck! I felt such a dope. Who wouldn't? You see, I told Enid girls didn't know the first thing about sailing. Old Mr. Know-it-all! Then I was stupid enough to let the canoe get away from me—and here I was, marooned on a little island. That was bad enough! And then I saw you sailing up the lake in my own canoe and handling it swell—just as well as I could handle it, myself. In fact, why, I was so ashamed I didn't want you to see me. I didn't want to be rescued—at least I thought I didn't! So I guess I did hide. You'd hide, too! But when you came tacking toward the island, I knew you must have seen me,

and—and—say!" he exclaimed admiringly. "Where did you ever learn to handle a canoe like that?"

The color was in Barbara's cheeks, now.

"On Lake Champlain, last summer. My uncle taught me."

"Well, he did a super job!" Jeff stepped aboard. "Want to sail her back to Birch Island?"

"I'd love to!"

"All right, I'm the passenger."

It was glorious to sail! Glorious to sail with a boy who said you handled a canoe as well as he could!

As they approached the Narrows, Barbara said: "How's about some food? We forgot the matches, and Enid went back for them. So we haven't started our picnic yet."

"Would I like food? Lead me to it! And after we eat, maybe we can all have a nice sail way up the lake."

The canoe was in the Narrows now. As it glided into the smaller lake, Barbara spied the rowboat lying partway up on the shore of the island. Near it stood Enid, her back turned, her shoulders drooping. There was something so disconsolate in her appearance that Barbara wanted to laugh. Poor Enid! What a shock it must have been for her to return and find nobody on the island! Now she was bending over the rowboat, as if about to push off again.

"Enid! Yoo hoo!"

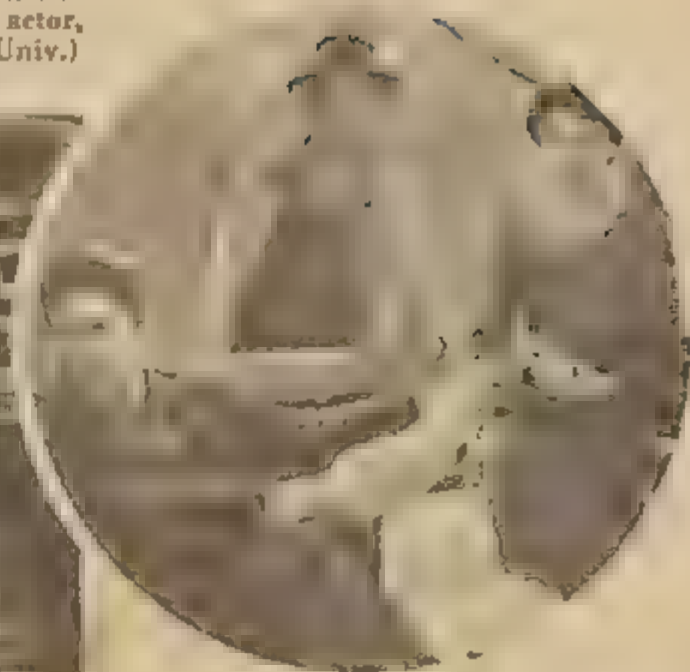
At the sound of Barbara's merry voice, Enid whirled and stood staring, mouth open and blue eyes wide and unblinking, as if she were looking at something entirely beyond belief: Barbara sailing Jeff's canoe and Jeff a passenger amidships!

"If he ever let anybody sail his precious canoe, I'd think the world was coming to an end!" Barbara recalled Enid's emphatic remark and then burst into delighted laughter. "Did you get the matches?" she shouted.

Enid moved her head slowly up and down, still staring.

"That's good," Barbara added as she guided the canoe in toward shore. "Because Robinson Crusoe's hungry!"

Below—In her next picture, "Almost an Angel," Deanna Durbin will be on her toes when it comes to acting, for she will play with the distinguished actor, Charles Laughton, Robert Cummings as his nephew provides the romance. (Univ.)



Above — All America admires Gary Cooper and is quite willing to entrust its heroes to his portrayals. As Sergeant York, America's great soldier of the 1914-18 World War, he gives an unusually fine, sincere performance. (Warners)

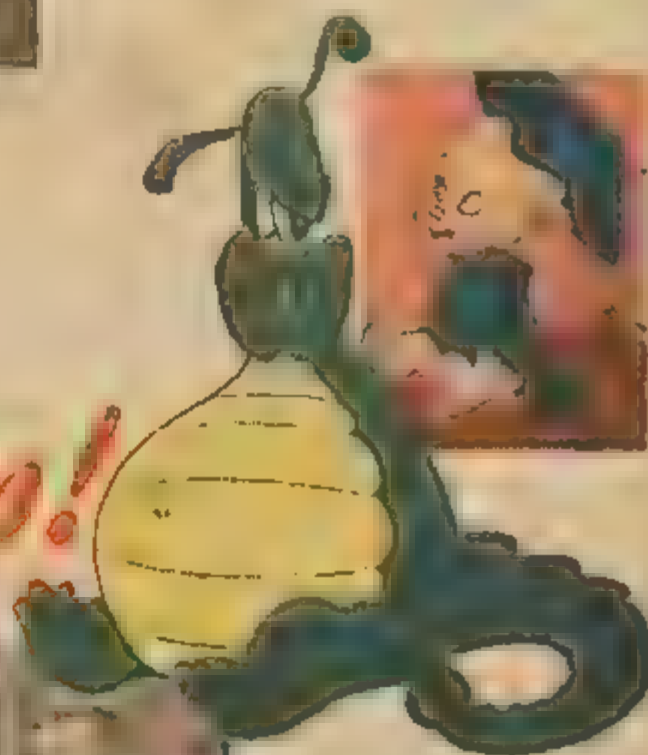
MOVIES

you shouldn't miss!

By CATHERINE C. EDWARDS

NO matter how gay and exciting your summer, there are days when there's nothing quite so enjoyable as a good movie, especially when you can see a favorite star in the kind of picture you look forward to and think about long after you've seen it. This summer promises a lot of very special films—two feature-length Walt Disneys, "Fantasia" and "The Reluctant Dragon," are something to celebrate. Having Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland together again is just what you've ordered! And you'll see Sonja Henie on skis and skates in "Sun Valley Serenade."

May we make a suggestion about choosing the films you



Above—The coy dragon you see here shares honors in Walt Disney's latest feature film, "The Reluctant Dragon," with that shy comedian Bob Benchley. There's nothing at all retiring about Baby Weems who practically steals the picture from both of them.

The movies haven't caught up with the comic strip, so Blondie and Dagwood's new baby isn't shown here. The latest Bumstead film, "Blondie in Society," is most amusing, what with two dogs and the neighborhood friends of Alexander, who refuses to be Baby Dumpling now. (Col.)

Right—Sonja Henie has a lot of fun with Milton Berle on skis in "Sun Valley Serenade," but the main story is a charming one in which Sonja falls very much in love with handsome John Payne. (Fox)



"Fantasia" is an exhilarating experience. It is Walt Disney pictures drawn to music instead of the other way around, and such magnificent orchestral music as you've never heard from the screen. You'll feel perfectly at home though, for Mickey Mouse plays one of the leading roles capitably.



see? If your allowance could be stretched to pay for all the films shown and there were time to see them without sacrificing other activities, the matter of choice wouldn't be so important. You could yawn over the poor ones and enjoy the better ones and no doubt learn to judge them very well yourself. But the evil of hit-or-miss movie-going lies in the fact that too often you spend your perfectly good money and time on pictures you really don't care about because they are either too adult or so poor no one likes them. Then along comes a fine picture and your allowance is gone or your parents remind you that you've already seen enough movies for one week. You can see why it's wise to give more than a little thought to the selection of your movies, and to find out all you can about them beforehand. Girls and boys are becoming so selective in their film-going that the producers are beginning to recognize that their best efforts are demanded by today's younger audiences. You will want to join in this thoughtful appraisal of the films you patronize.

"Shepherd of the Hills" has been filmed in Technicolor. Betty Field plays Sammy as if she had always lived in the open and makes you feel what it would be like to know woods, and hills, and stars better than you know human beings. (Para.)



Andy takes his first job in "Life Begins for Andy Hardy," although Mickey Rooney has more jobs than anyone we know of. He is already at work on his next musical, "Babes on Broadway." Judy Garland will be in the Hardy film (MGM)

ARE YOU A KEEN

By **BETTY GREEN**

Fashion Editor

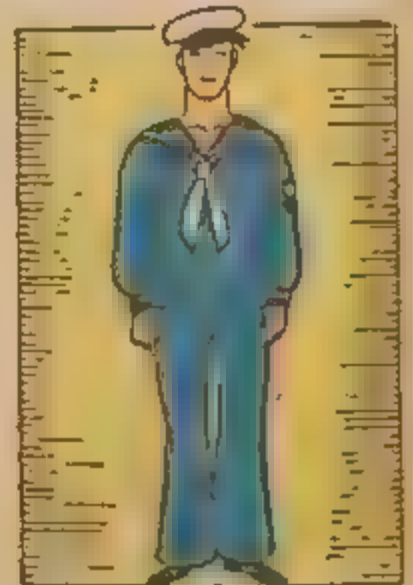
IF YOU ARE a keen detective you can tell at a glance the sources from which the designers derived these new fall Cinderella frocks. But, in case you are new at this fascinating game of Style Sleuthing, we have added the little costume sketches as clues. Almost every new fashion, you know, is inspired or influenced by some old fashion. Just as the great French dressmakers used to base their collections on historical periods or on the native art of foreign countries, so the designers of girls' fashions find their greatest inspirations in the past. You will enjoy your new school frocks much more this fall if you learn to trace their origin back through the years. If you were a real crime detective you would go straight back to the scene of the crime, wouldn't you? Well, if you are going to be a good fashion detective, you will have to go straight back to the source of the style.



WELL, blow my bagpipe if this spun rayon plaid frock wasn't stolen from the kilts the brave Regiments of Scotland have worn these three hundred years or more. Your potted skirt is just as full of Highland fling as any Scottish warrior's and your fitted jacket with the button-top pockets is a bonny figure flatterer. Sizes 7 to 14. About \$2.



JOHAN ALDEN would have been tempted to speak for himself if his fair Priscilla had worn this modern version of the Puritan costume. It's a beguiling date dress for high-schoolers. Crown Tested rayon jersey print with demure piqué collar, bracelet length sleeves, and simply yards of skirt. Strictly teen—but definitely! Sizes: 9 to 15 and 10 to 16. About \$3.



SHIP ahoy, there matey! Your middie-style dress is a direct descendant from a blouse which an English Duchess introduced long, long ago and which was later adopted by the British Admiralty as a uniform for sailors. This one combines a red poplin blouse with navy trim to match the pleated navy skirt. Sizes 8 to 14. About \$1.25.

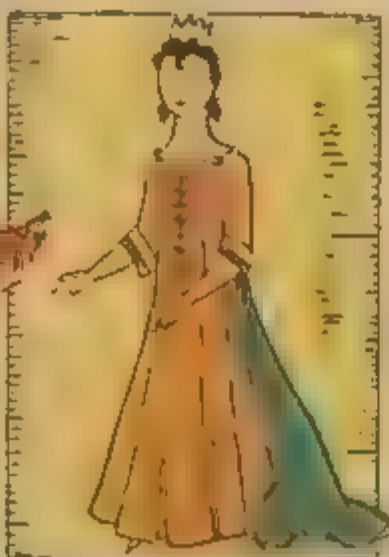
FASHION DETECTIVE?



YOU will look as quaint as little Heidi in a broad-cloth frock with bright flower embroidery. Yes, this frock is pleasantly peasant—and ever so much more comfortable than the colorful native Alpine costumes which inspired it. You wouldn't like to have to wear six or more starched petticoats to school, would you? Sizes 7 to 12. About \$2.



IT'S a far cry from this Bonnie Blair frock of Crown Tested spun rayon with velveteen appliques to the flowing robes of the ladies of the Middle Ages. But not such a far cry that we cannot detect a kinship in their slenderizing long torso lines. The modern version is much more practical for strenuous jam sessions. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 16. About \$2.



WHEN you call this your "princess" dress, do you know that it was so named for a real princess? Yes, for almost a hundred years this fitted and flared silhouette has had royal approval, but you don't have to be a princess to wear to school this 1941 adaptation of it in checked spun rayon with white piqué collar. Sizes 7 to 12. About \$2.



"ONE if by land, two if by sea"—and red coats one day a smart fashion will be (It rhymes!) This scarlet jacket and navy skirt of Crown Tested rayon are so smart we see why the British soldiers clung to their red coats during the American Revolution, even though they made easy targets for the Colonists. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 16. About \$3.



GADGETS *for* GIRLS

FASHION FADS GIRLS THEMSELVES CREATE

\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

NOW is your chance to share your bright ideas about fashions with other girls all over the country. Send as many Gadgets for Girls as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness and art work do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality. Be sure to state your name, address, and age. Address Gadgets for Girls, *CALLING ALL GIRLS*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue New York, N. Y. All entries become the property of *CALLING ALL GIRLS*.

Capping Things

—Soda-pop bottle caps make gay and varied trimmings. We put them on pockets and around the necks of jackets, etc. Remove the cork without breaking it. Then place the cap on the outside of the garment, the cork beneath it on the wrong side, and snap them together.—*Constance Clark, New York, N. Y.* We make a border of pop bottle tops around the hems of our skirts. They make a gay noise when we walk!—*Carla Wood, Avant, Okla.*



Lapel Gadgets—No matter what you're fishing for, fishing spinners make swell lapel pins. The Colorado spinner, for instance, and bright flies are stunning and gay and colorful.—*Esther Anderson, Orland, Calif.* You can twist the wire off a milk bottle into the letters of your name for a snazzy lapel pin. Use the ends to fasten it to your coat.—*Elaïne Packer, Newark, N. J.*

Heads Win—Baseball caps can be as effective at a party as on the old vacant lot. Try a navy blue one. If you fasten a bow of white pique or white grosgrain at the base of the visor, you'll have something pretty swellelegant for a date—especially if you dress up the whole thing with a veil, preferably red . . . Your brother's old soft-felt hat "pancaked" can also look pretty smart if you put it on at just the right angle.—*Shirley Gray, Ashburnham, Mass.*

News for Shoes

—Try braiding brightly colored yarns to use as laces in your saddle shoes. You can have several pairs to match your sport outfits.—*Mary Ellen Werlein, Portland, Ore.* Our friends are at our feet! We have them autograph our white sport shoes in ink.—*Lois Anderson, Alpena, Mich.*



Jive Jewelry

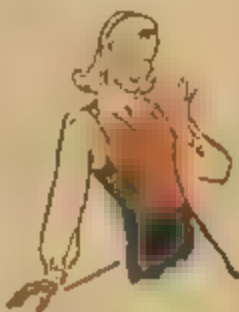
—Ordinary paper clips make enchanting bracelets and necklaces. Just link them together, either in a long line or in bunches. They can be painted, too, with oil paint or with nail polish.—*Rosemary Larkin, Milford, Mass.* Buttons strung together on colored cord make smart and gay bracelets. Now's the time to raid your mother's button box!—*Ruth O'Quinn, Sweeny, Tex.* Small pine cones make fine jewelry. Varnish or paint them and then string them on yarn or ribbons for something eye-catching!—*Shirley Pfau, Jackson, Mich.* A coral necklace out of noodles! That's what I made by painting some star-shaped noodles with red nail polish and stringing them alternately with white noodles.—*Marion Friederman, Garfield, N. J.* A rope necklace made of about thirty-five



strands of bright or pastel crochet cotton looks swell with your summer dresses and playsuits of any color.—*Joan Lochner, Westport, Conn.* Clothespins are decorative if you paint faces on four or five of them, make a dress or pants for them, and tie colored yarn around the tops to make an amusing necklace.—*Marie Laundry, Kansas City, Kans.* If you want to make a big noise, get some tiny gourds, let them dry, paint them bright colors, and string for a necklace on ribbon through holes drilled in them, or sew them on skirts and blouses.—*Jean Waldo, Ridgefield, N. J.*

Jitterbug Jerkins

—Striped turkish towels make varied and colorful jerkins to wear over white blouses.—*Anna Jane LaSeur, Lewistown, Ill.* Men's large blue and red bandanas make fine blouses. It doesn't matter if the designs don't match. The louder and dizzier, the better!—*Jane Mantiply, Fishersville, Va.*



Lest We Forget

—We wear our sweaters backward, so that the buttons or designs are on the back. On the front, and on our skirts, we paste our friends' names autographed on adhesive tape. Decorative and useful!—*Beulah Henry, Waverly, N. Y.* We cut out of plain-colored material silhouettes of teachers, friends, or famous people, and stitch these on our white sweaters or anklet cuffs.—*Charlene Williams, Pittsburg, Kans.* We buy inexpensive gob hats for our friends to autograph. Then wherever we go our friends go with us.—*Martha Warriner, Lawrenceville, Va.*



Adventure with SUPPER!

By CECILY BROWNSTONE

EVERY girl wants to cook. The question is, "How to begin?"

When your mother was a girl she probably enjoyed helping with "Sunday Night Supper." Just try it, and see if it isn't still a lot of fun. By giving your mother a helping hand, you can save her time and energy and you'll be learning how to cook. She knows lots of good "hot" tricks you can have a share in! You'll be surprised at the thrill you get out of taking a pan of crisp golden popovers out of the oven, or marking off the squares on a plate of creamy fudge. Of course it is well to remember that the triumphal architecture of a perfectly baked, perfectly frosted layer-cake isn't built in five minutes—but neither was that famous Roman city!

If you're patient with your parent now, and are really anxious to learn, in no time at all the chances are she'll be paying some attention to your menu suggestions. There's a lot of fun in making out a menu—you can include the things you like to

eat. Only give your dad and brother a break once in awhile! Of course there's a lot to learn about food. In the meantime keep your ears open, your eyes wide, and get your taste buds ready. Yes, you have them. So what the dictionary says. A good cook must be a good taster.

Here are some recipes for dishes you and your mother will enjoy trying. They're arranged in menu form just in case you want to have a supper plan ready some Sunday night when you've been given the "Go Ahead!" and can invite your

friends over. Of course you don't have to use the whole menu. But your mother is sure to welcome some of the recipes to fit in at convenient times. Be tolerant when she takes the family tastes and the food budget into consideration!

The main ingredients in these recipes are likely to be found in any kitchen cupboard. But the recipes themselves have those little touches that make the difference between a delicious dish and a good one.

You'll need a double boiler, mixing bowls, rotary egg



Both you and your mother will enjoy cooking together

beater, - measuring cups and spoons, and baking pans. Not too many things to keep tidy on the kitchen table as you cook, and not too much cleaning up afterwards! Here's your menu:

Fluffy Tomato Soup
Baked Salmon in Green Peppers
Criss-Cross Potatoes
Saratoga Graham Muffins
Mixed Green Salad with Lemon
Tarragon Dressing
Chocolate Crisp with Vanilla
Ice Cream

If the head of the kitchen agrees to using this whole menu you'll want to prepare some of the dishes ahead of suppertime. The salad dressing needs to "set" awhile, so start with that. Dessert can be prepared ahead in leisurely fashion, too. Salad greens taste crisper if they're cleaned and chilled for a few hours in the refrigerator.

Use tomato soup out of a can, where you'll find careful directions for heating it. When you ladle it out float a marshmallow on each piping hot bowl. They'll melt a little and taste fluffy!

Baked Salmon in Green Peppers

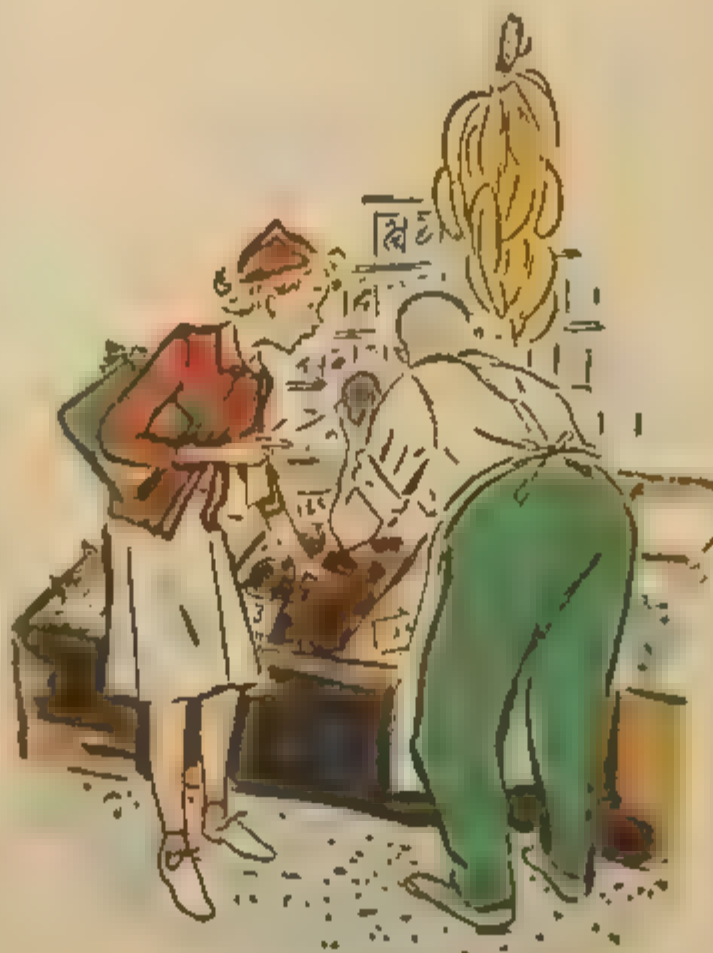
1 lb. can of salmon	2 tbsps. melted butter or salad oil
1 egg well beaten	1/4 tsp. salt
3 soda crackers, finely crushed	4 large green peppers
2 tbsps. milk	

Remove skin and bones from fish and crumble it into flakes with a fork. Add remaining ingredients, except peppers, and mix well. Cut peppers in crosswise halves and remove seeds and membrane. Put them in a pan and cover them with boiling water. Parboil them for five to ten minutes, until they are tender but not too soft. (Parboil means partly cook.) Remove from water, drain, and stuff with fish mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes to half an hour.

Criss-Cross Potatoes

Choose potatoes that are the same medium size so that they'll all bake at one time. Scrub them well with water

and a brush! Dry them on a paper towel, and rub each one with salad oil. The oil keeps the skin soft. Bake in a medium oven for about three-quarters of an hour. Test one by picking it up in a cloth and squeezing it. The whole potato must feel soft at your pressure. Remove from oven, cut two criss-cross gashes along one side of each potato and squeeze it from the bottom so that the criss-cross gashes open and leave room to insert a square of butter. Dust the gash with paprika and insert a sprig of parsley.



Try to go in for something different when you choose salad greens

Potatoes mustn't stand waiting, so be sure to put them in the oven just three-quarters of an hour before you are going to serve supper. Your father won't be any more interested in a soggy, overbaked potato than he is in the stale news in yesterday's paper!

Mixed Green Salad

Be adventuresome and buy romaine, escarole, and chicory if you can find them at your market. Wash the leaves well, dry, and chill in a salad bag or wrapped in a tea towel in the

refrigerator. Tear, don't cut, greens into a wooden salad bowl. Just before you serve the salad pour on this Lemon Tarragon Dressing. The "tarragon" seasoning called for is the dried crumbled leaves of a green plant of that name. It has a delicious scent and flavor.

Lemon Tarragon Dressing

2 eggs, well beaten	1 tsp. mustard
1 tsp. salt	1 can (oz.) condensed milk
1 cup lemon juice	1/2 tsp. dried tarragon

Beat well the eggs, salt, mustard, and milk. Add lemon juice and tarragon and stir well. Set aside for a few hours to thicken.

Saratoga Graham Muffins

Here's a chance to do some baking with the following muffin recipe.

1 1/2 cups sour milk	1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup molasses	2 cups Graham flour
1 1/2 tsp. soda	

Add sour milk to molasses, put in soda and stir until it foams, then add flour and salt. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 30 minutes. Makes 12 to 16 muffins.

Chocolate Crisp and Ice Cream

And so to dessert! If the ice cream is to be homemade, use one of the packaged vanilla puddings and follow the directions for making it into ice cream. Or use one of the ready-made ice-cream mixes. Serve it on Chocolate Crisp:

1/2 cup butter	1 package prepared crisp rice cereal
1/2 lb. marshmallows (about 30)	4 ounces semi-sweet chocolate
1/2 tsp. vanilla	

Melt butter and marshmallows in double boiler. Add vanilla; beat thoroughly to blend. Melt chocolate very slowly and add to marshmallow mixture. Put prepared crisp rice cereal in large buttered bowl and pour on marshmallow mixture. Stir briskly so that the cereal grains are well coated. Press into shallow buttered pan. Cut into squares when cool.

The Yorktown Younger Set

... lives in a town like yours

Wally Wallace

Nancy (Nan) Wallace

Holly Hartwright

Osgood

Marge Warren

Rob Nichols

Chap McGinness

"Awful"

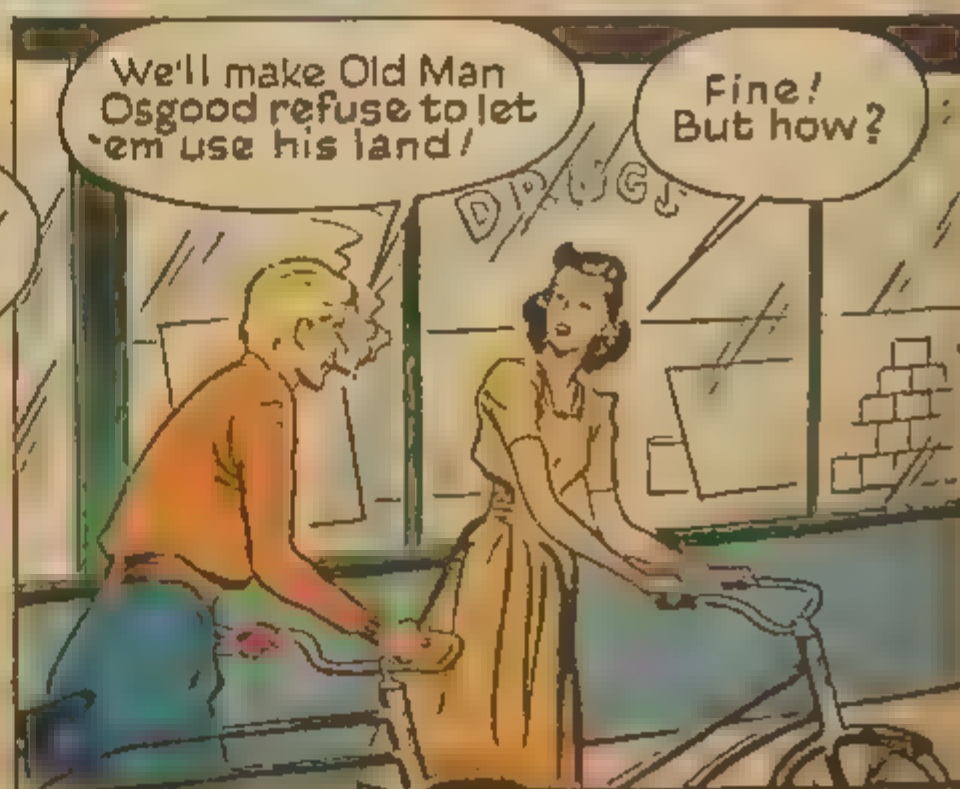
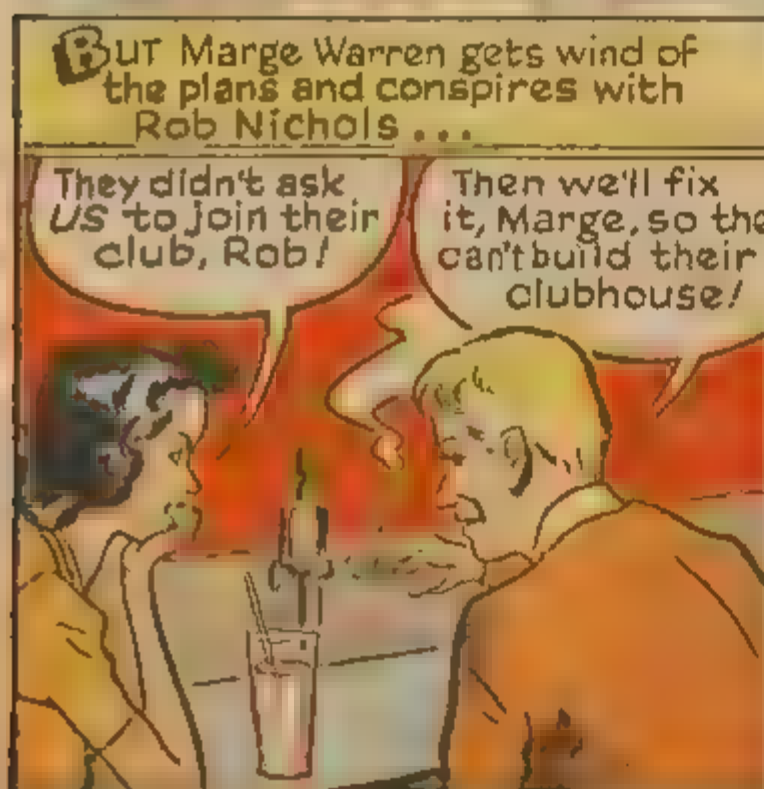
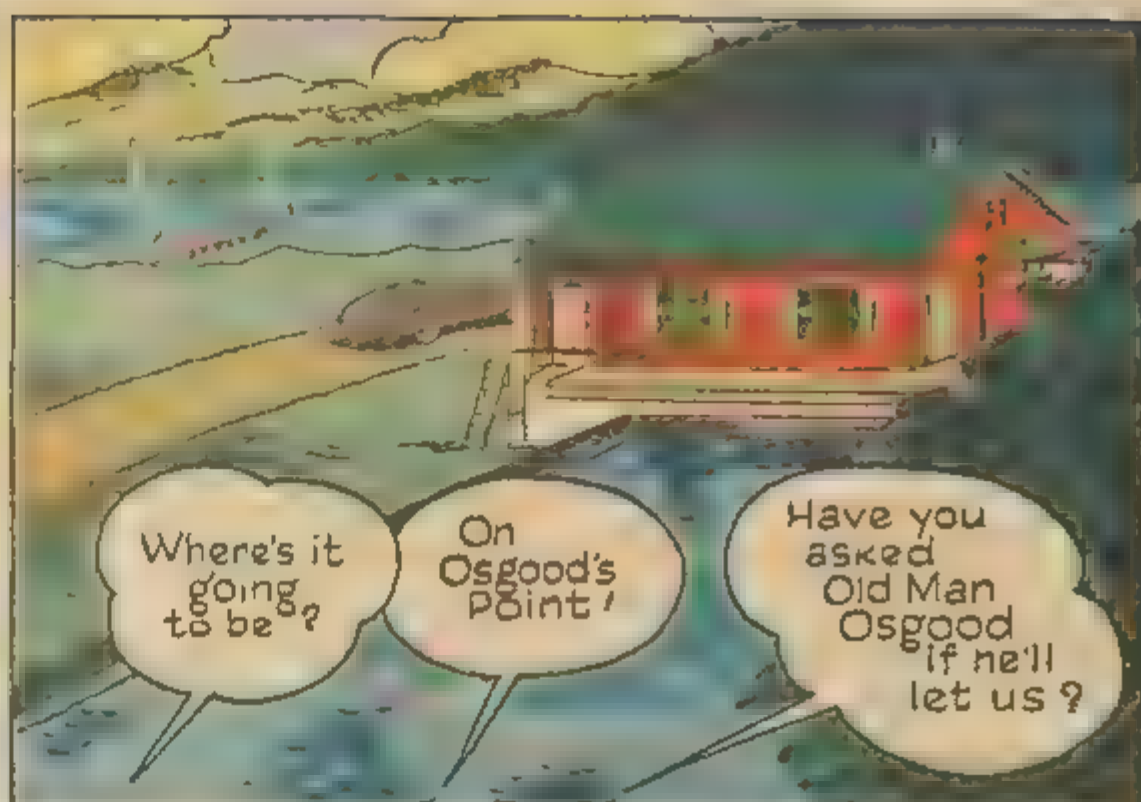
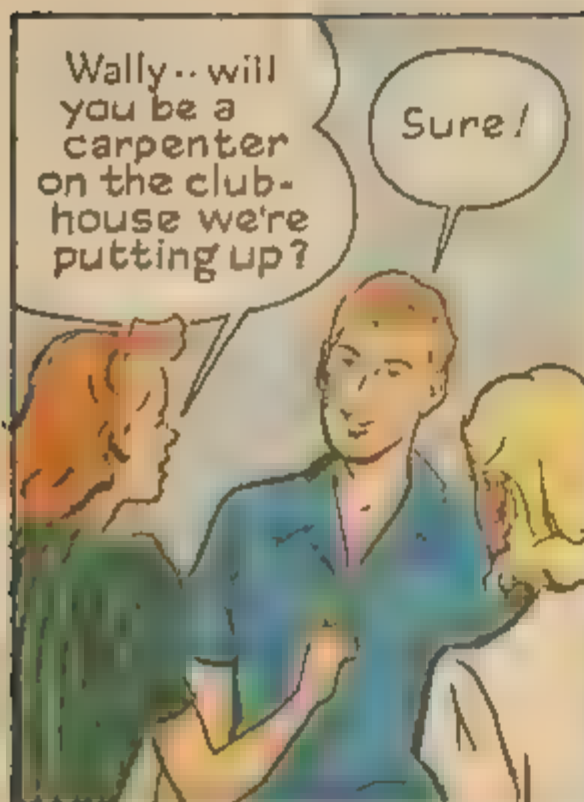
Holly, let's
build a
clubhouse!

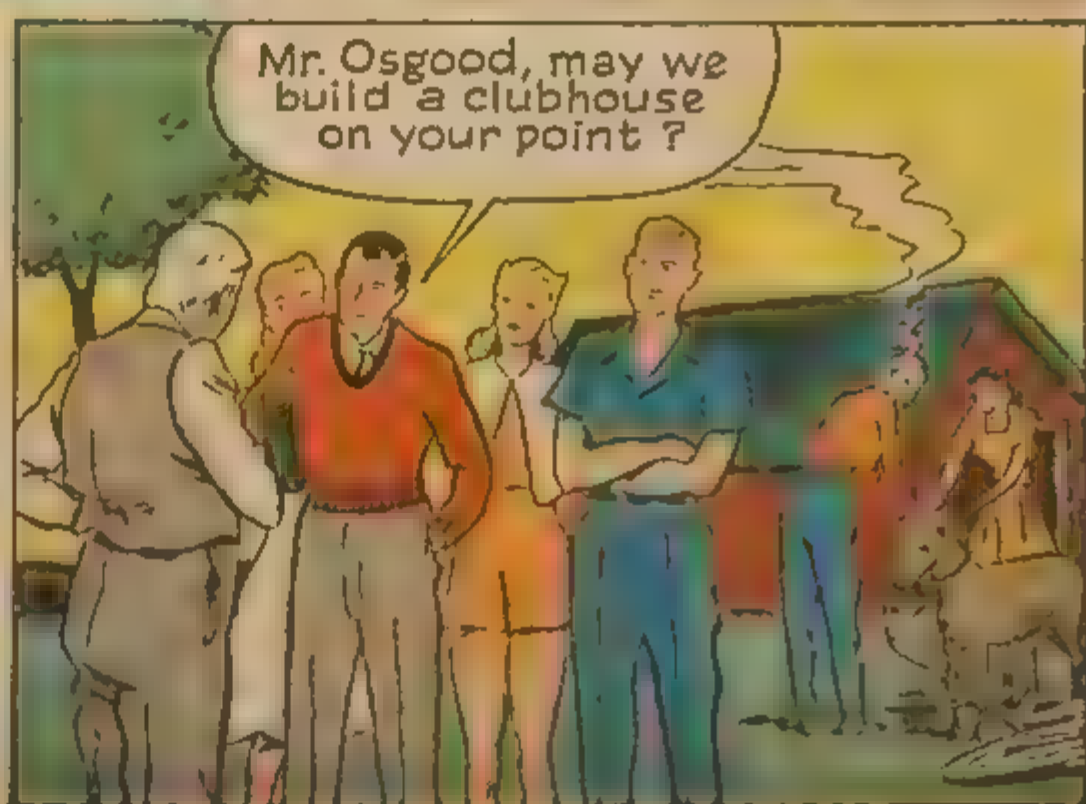
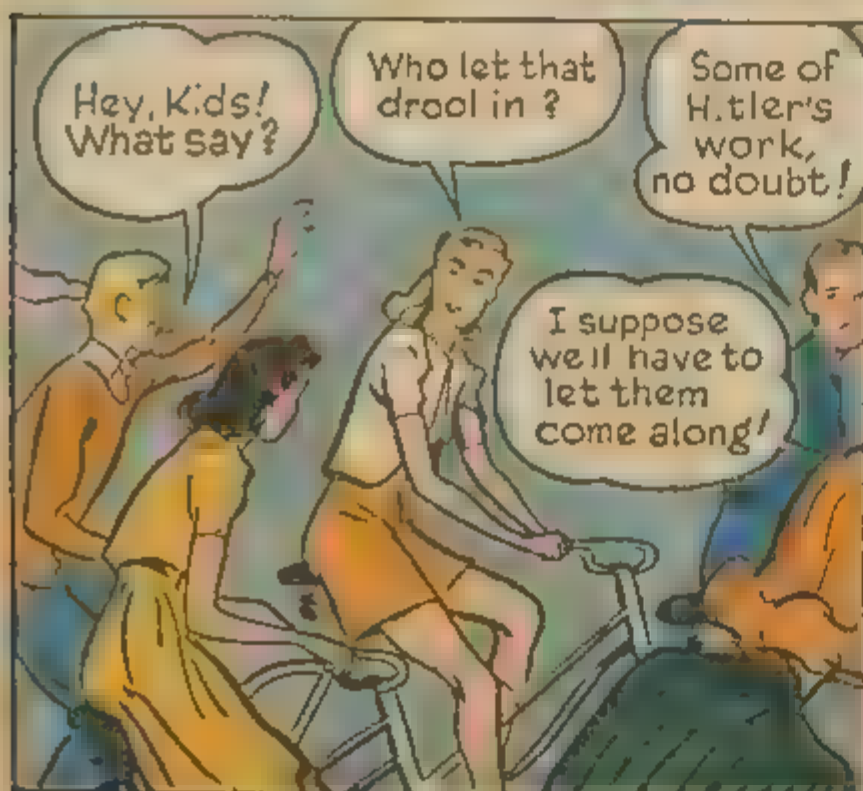
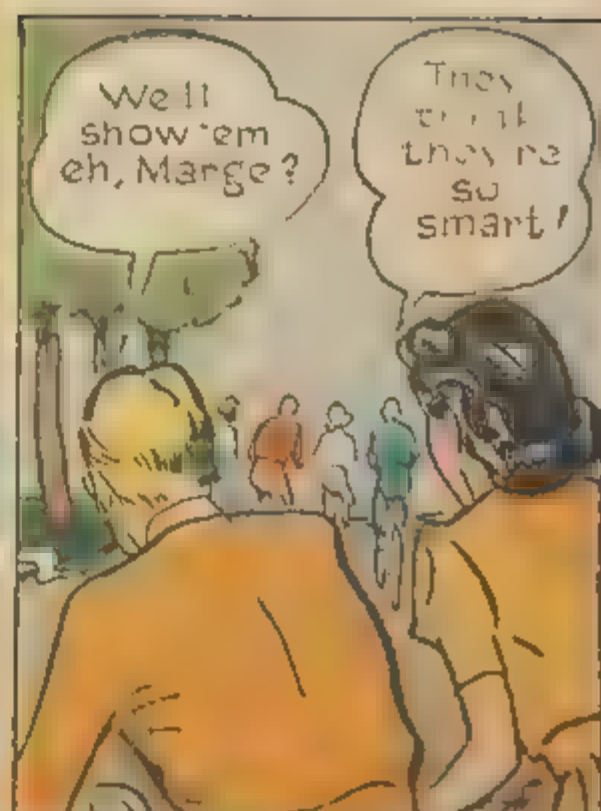
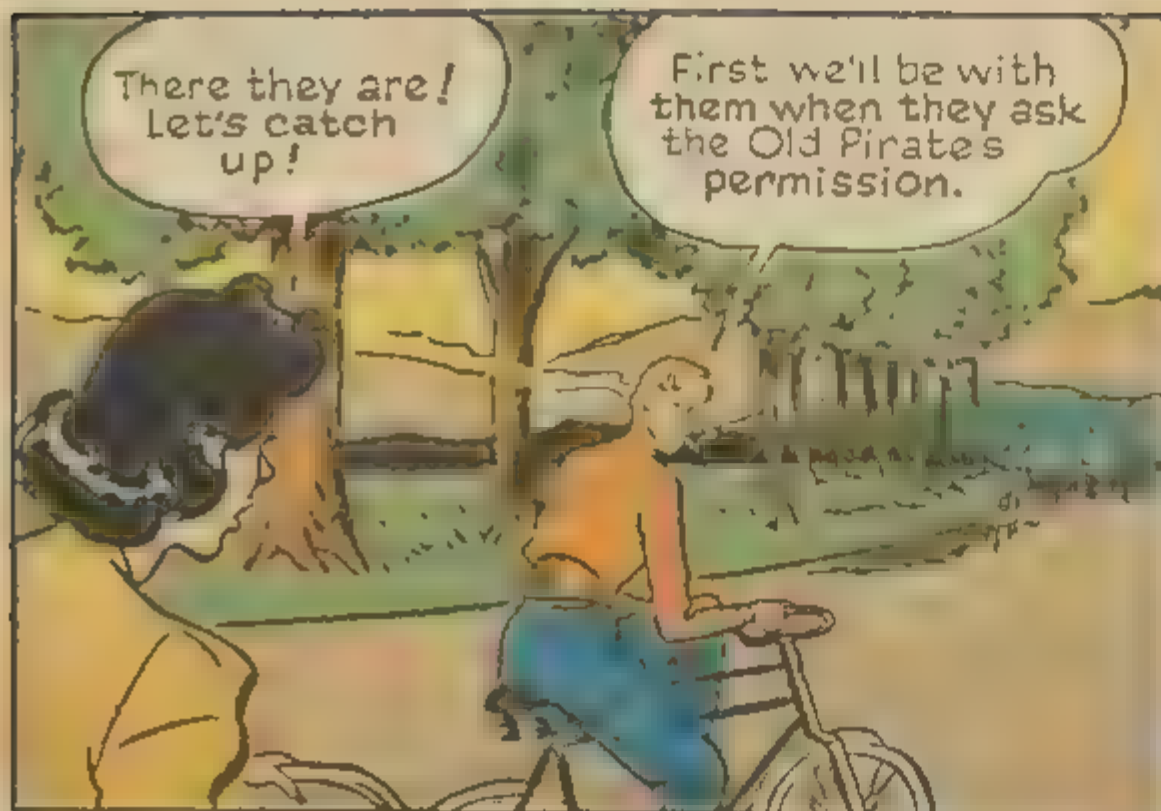
What for,
Nan?

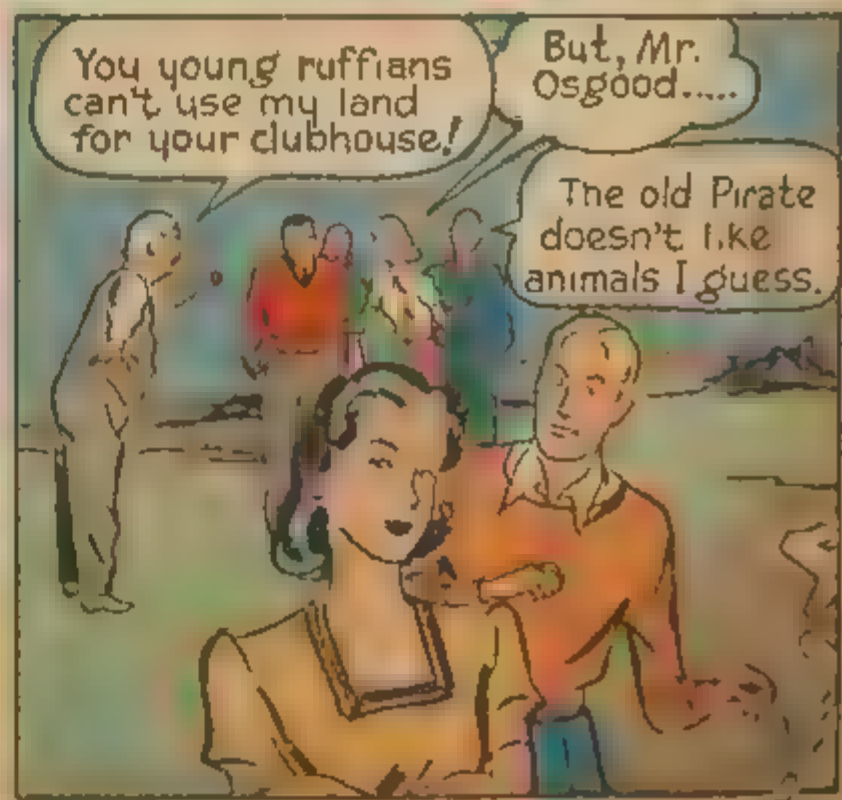
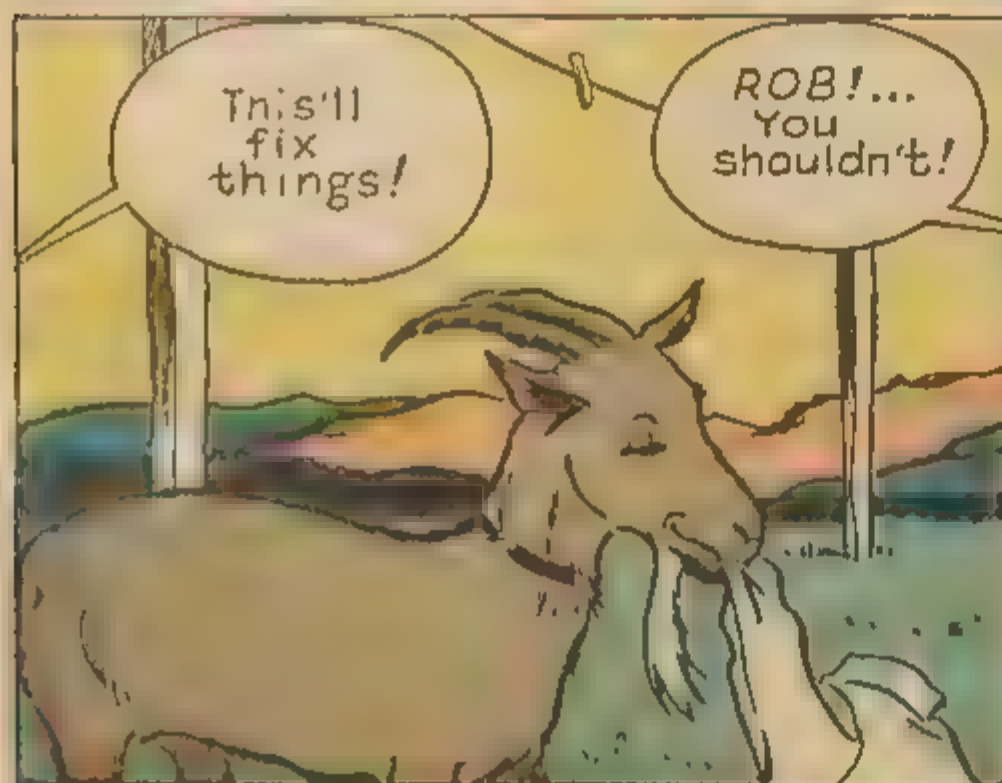
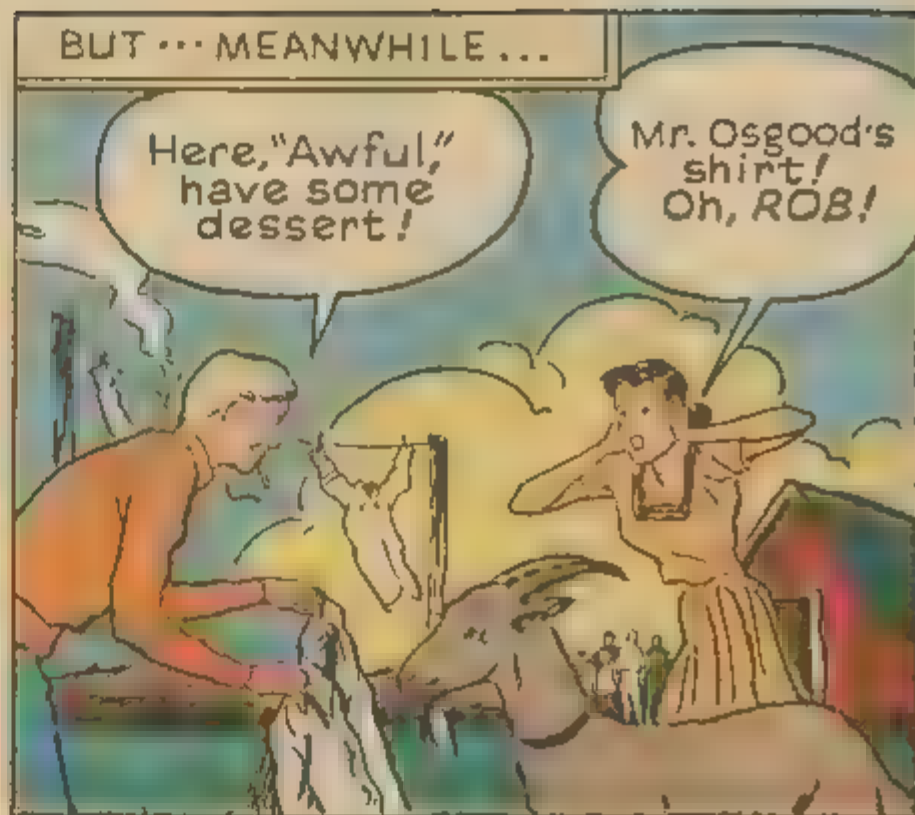
For swimming
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in winter ... and
dancing in
between times

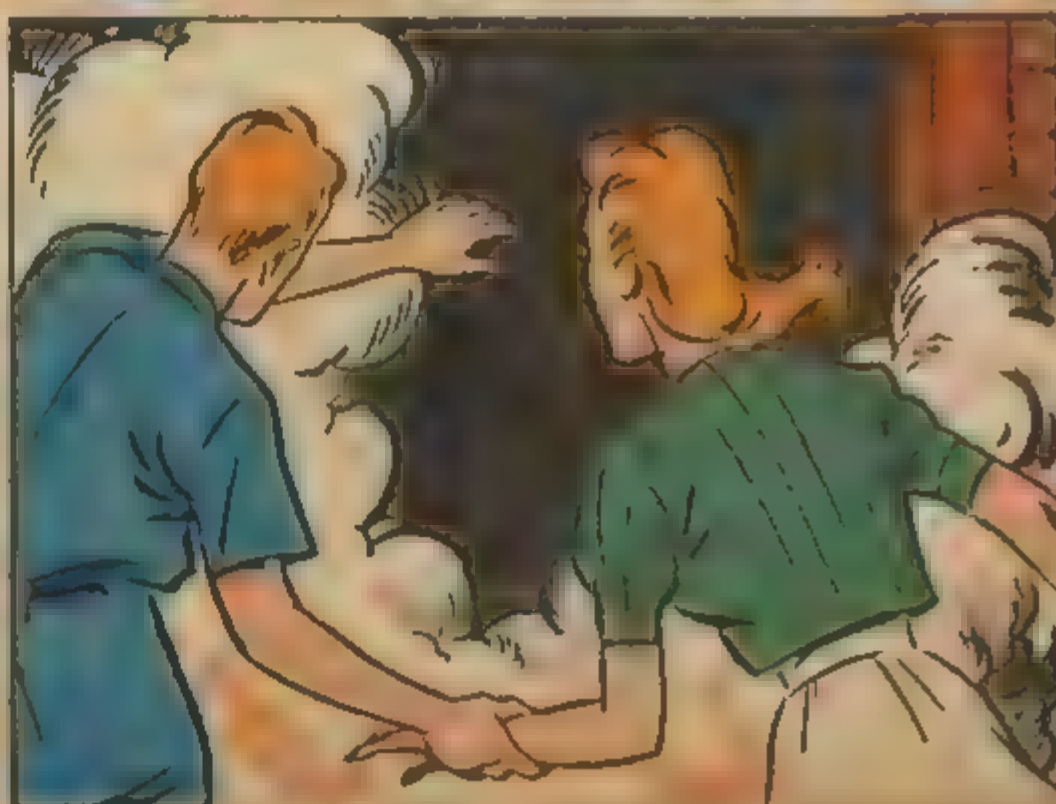
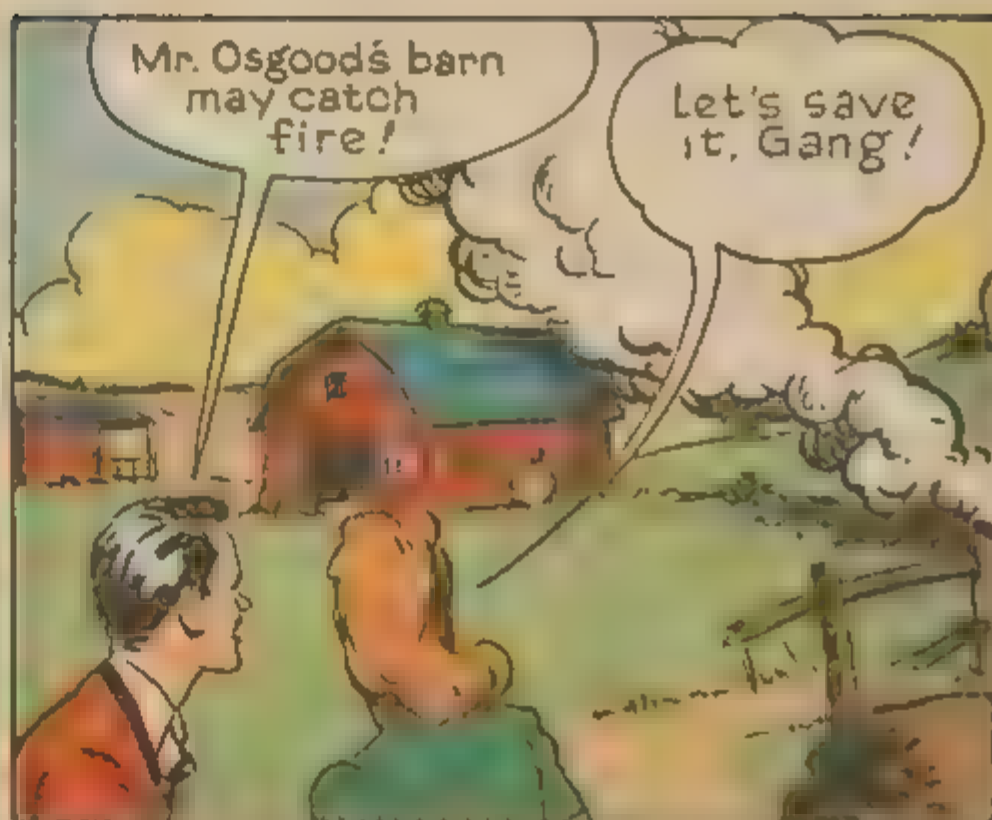
Can you get
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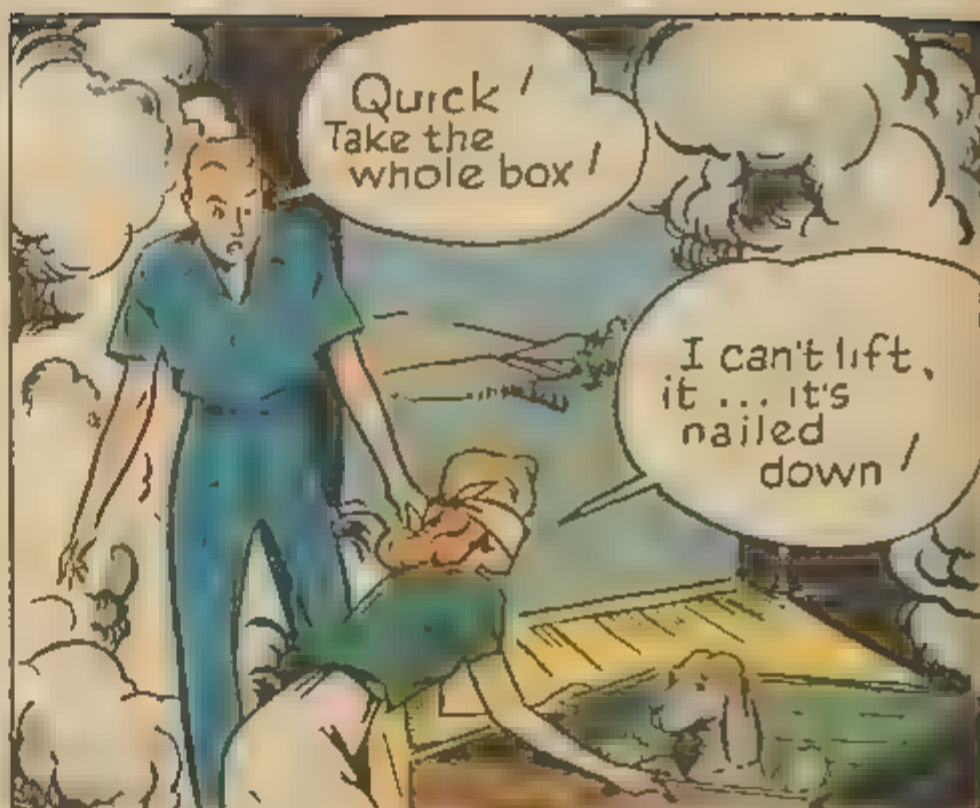
Let's ask
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NOW!

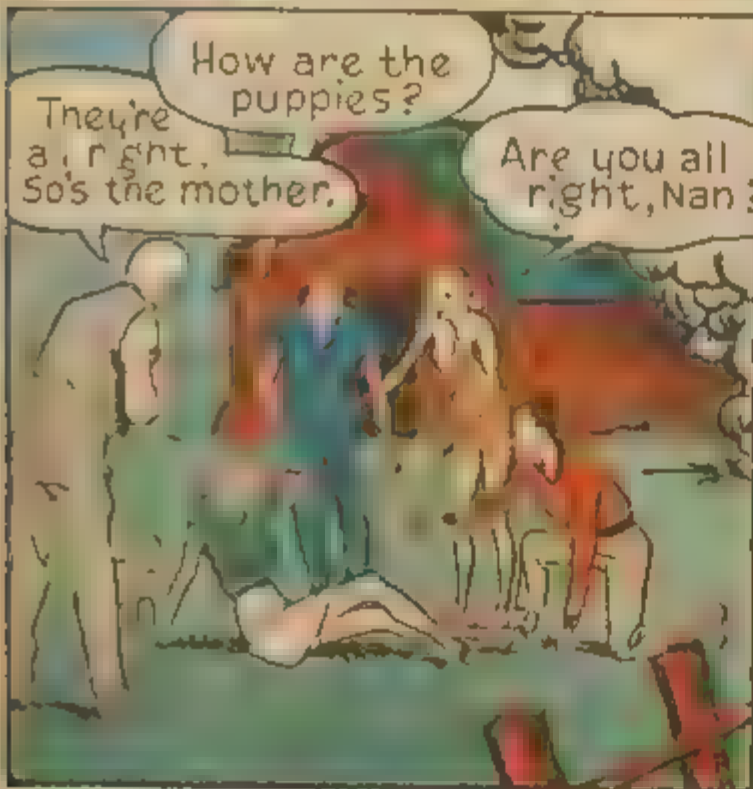


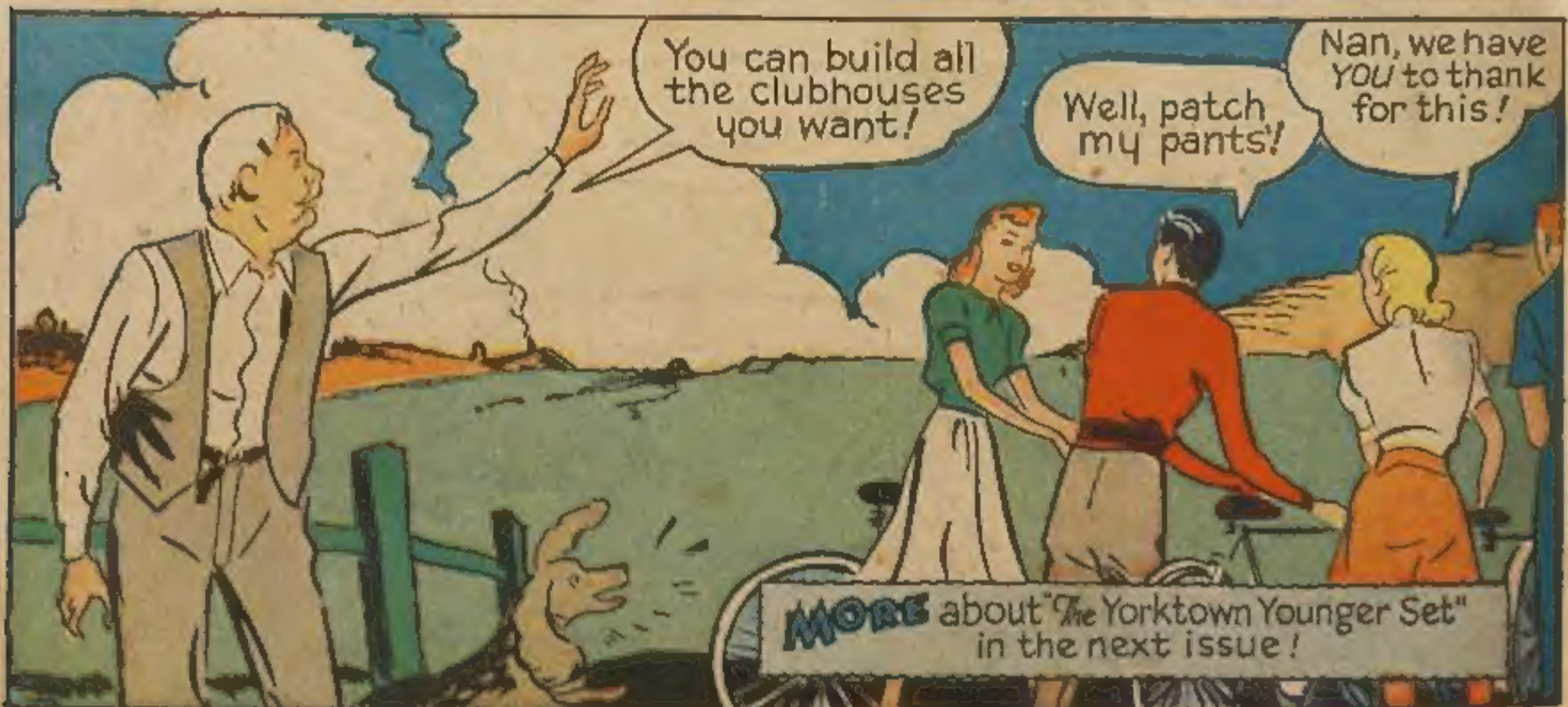












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